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The Analecta

VOL. 12

Christmas Issue

No. 2

Our Motto: "Lux Sit"

Annual of the

CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE



Published by the Students of

1926-'27



IF these pages can recall, in future years, the dim and hazy memories of school days, which are ever fleeting and fading; if they bring a smile and chuckle of amusement, through remembrance of innumerable jovial times spent at C.C.I.; if they remind us of pleasant associations enjoyed during 1926-'27—then this *Analecta* will have fulfilled its purpose."

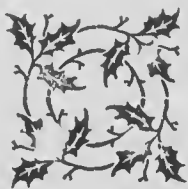


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DEDICATION

THE Students of 1926-'27 respectfully dedicate this annual to Mr. R. B. Forsythe in honor of his winning the Short Story Competition, held by the *Writer's Monthly*, with his story, "Yellow Clay."





Miss MARY EVANS

VALEDICTORY

“**G**ONE are the days!” How we hate to say it! But it is a fact. Never again will we dash madly through the halls of our well-beloved C.C.I. to finish our undone homework in time for class. Yet, although our teachers may often despair of us, we cannot spend four years within the portals of our school and not receive influence which makes us better fitted to become citizens of our native Canada.

Our training might, however, be very advisedly extended to include such things as a Literary Society—which of late years has been classified as a “has-been”—a Dramatic Club, and such socializing institutions as skating parties and an annual school dance. It will be recognized that High School should develop us in public experience, not only in intellect. Many of us, on leaving, find to our sorrow that we are inferior to our fellows from other high schools in the former respect. Also, the rhyme which says, “All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy,” has a sound basis of truth. Students would do much better work if allowed to enjoy such diversions as are engaged in at other High Schools. Besides these two purposes they serve a greater: they build up a united school spirit, which has lately been killed by suppression, although we regret to admit it.

It is up to you, younger students, to retrieve C.C.I.’s social reputation, as well as to uphold her renown in athletic and scholastic enterprises. No, rather, not content with past achievements, to improve upon them by doing greater.

High School days are days of our character building; days when we must fit ourselves for such activities as we may find in Normal School, University or the business world. If we sing gaily through our high school years with no thought of the morrow, we are apt to find ourselves in the position of the “Foolish Virgins.”

Our high school training is given to us by our country—not that we may waste our time, but that we may be better able to serve her, and make her an even greater nation than she is today by adding our small mite.

It is with regret and the feeling that we might have done more to fulfil our duty to our country, while in C.C.I., that we, who have passed on, say “Goodbye.” We have the new responsibilities and must face the task of “doing our bit” in the world beyond the gates of dear old C.C.I.



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CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

1926

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Foreword

HABITS

*"All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."*
—Dryden.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man."
—Shakespeare.

I have been asked by the Editor to write a short article for the *Analecta*; something of a serious nature is the way he expressed it. I am very glad to comply with the request, because I hope thereby to show my sympathy with the undertaking and because I am glad to have some part in the preparation of a magazine which I am sure will be a credit to the school.

When one introduces the subject of habits it is generally understood that the discussion is going to centre around bad habits. But while bad habits are common and important enough, this article is concerned chiefly with good ones. These habits play a very important part in our lives. Some are merely muscular co-ordinations such as walking, swimming, riding a bicycle and the like, while others are of a more complex nature, being rather mental than muscular. Our manner, toward things in general, toward our work, our play, the manner of spending our spare time—all these become habits. As one professor expresses it, "We are all bundles of habits." We can select our own habits, and the shifting sands of unstable character or the solid rock of the strong purposeful life is the result.

It is of supreme importance, especially to the young people, that they acquire and establish a large number of habits that will assist them on the road to happy and successful lives. The habits acquired in youth have to be lived with in a very intimate association throughout life. Every minute of day and night we are under the influence if not the absolute control of our "bundle of habits."

To eliminate a bad habit that has become fixed is a difficult undertaking, and requires more than a New Year's resolution to accomplish the task. The proper way to approach the problem is to set about acquiring a good habit—one which, when acquired, will interfere with the functioning of the undesirable one and eventually get rid of it. Suppose you have the very bad and not uncommon habit of being inattentive in class and of not being able to concentrate. To make a resolution that you are going to improve in these respects will not get you very far, no matter how much in earnest you may be. But if you acquire the habit of making a mental or written resume of your lessons daily, lack of concentration and inattention will disappear when the good habit becomes fixed. Again, suppose you have the habit of reading cheap, badly written stories—kill it by getting into the habit of reading for a certain length of time each week some English classic. Indolence can be conquered by acquiring the habit of doing well a certain amount of work each day, not by resolutions to work harder made at regular times during the year.

By eradicating the useless and harmful habits from our own individual bundles we leave the field open for the complete operation of the good and useful ones. For just as a good habit will, if fostered and encouraged, exclude the corresponding bad one, so a bad habit will, if retained, lessen and eventually destroy the good influence of the right kind of habit.

—Principal.

Central High School



Ye Goode Olde Halle of Learnynge

EDITORIALS

OUR aim in producing the *Analecta* is to give the students of our school something which will recall in after years the pleasant side of their high school life. Through that sad but wise teacher, Experience, we know that as time goes on not only the unpleasant memories but also the pleasant ones will gradually blur and fade away, becoming obscure in spite of us. We hope that this magazine will act as a reminder in later life when we have a few minutes apart from the whirl and worry of business, to give those sacred moments of reminiscence, of recalling, and looking back upon the happy care-free days spent in C.C.I.

We do not pride ourselves with that false hope that our magazine is anywhere near perfect, nor do we doubt that numerous criticisms (constructive ones at least, we hope) will be directed against it. We hope, however, that succeeding *Analecta* staffs will profit by our more prominent mistakes. We also hope that by this helpful advice and criticism they may be able to go on improving and enlarging our magazine, making it bigger and better each year, until it will be one that may be worthy of C.C.I. and stand as a tribute and honor to the energy, ability, ingenuity and originality of her students.

This paragraph is especially intended for the junior grades. We hope that you will make the production of the *Analecta* your business in the next few years; and in turn when your time comes, hand on like the flaming torch, the needful inspiration to the then succeeding junior grades.

With regard to the new policies of the paper this year, we have embarked upon several new ventures which may or may not be successful. First, for various reasons we are getting out one edition only, the Christmas number. It would be hardly fair to encumber the *Analecta* staff with the tremendous task of getting out a paper near the finals and so endangering their school year. Then, advertising sells better near Christmas. Second, with regard to illustrations—it was felt that the paper could possibly be improved and polished by adding a few more pictures. So there have been added a number of full page cuts of the grades by groups, and also two composite groups, besides other smaller cuts. The trouble with a Christmas number is that a large part of the school's activities for the year will have to be omitted in this edition. This difficulty, however, will only be in the first Christmas number, as succeeding editions will consider their ground for material to be from Christmas to Christmas.

I cannot offer enough praise to my excellent staff. I found each member alert, energetic, resourceful and hardworking. In fact, I know that a more capable, congenial, and efficient staff never existed on any school paper. The selection of each editor and assistant has been justified by their splendid work, and certainly has shown that he or she was the right person in the right place.

In closing, the staff wish to thank each and every one who in any way whatever, assisted by contributing, compiling and the splendid spirit of competition. We wish all who help to feel a sense of pride and fellow ownership in our magazine, as it is mostly due to your efforts and energy that this edition has ultimately taken shape and become a tangible object. If perhaps your name is regrettably not on the list in the honorable mention page, be assured that no slight whatever was intended and we are sorry for any oversight on our part. Trusting that you will realize that in a case of this kind it is extremely hard owing to the number, to avoid not missing someone even after checking, re-checking and revising the lists.

Wishing each future *Analecta* great prosperity.

—THE EDITOR.

BE A BOOSTER

If you think your class is best,
 Tell 'em so.
 If you'd have it leave the rest,
 Help it grow.
 When there's anything to do
 Let the others count on you,
 You'll feel good when it is through,
 Don't you know.

If you're used to giving knocks,
 Change your style.
 Throw bouquets instead of rocks
 For a while.
 Let the other fellow roast;
 Shun him as you would a ghost,
 Meet his banter with a boast
 And a smile.

When a member from afar
 Comes along,
 Tell him who and what you are—
 Make it strong.
 Never flatter, never bluff,
 Tell the truth for that's enough,
 Be a booster, that's the stuff,
 Don't just belong.

—W. L.



The Editor and *Analecta* Staff unite in wishing the readers a very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Successful New School Year.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Back in the obscure days when we grade XII's were freshies was the last time that a body known as the Student's Council was heard of. Coming new into the high school we had heard many exciting tales of Student Council elections and from the stories that circulated concerning the election that took place in the fall of '23 the session was indeed stormy and full of thrills.

After such a lively election the pupils had hoped for a council that would make wise reforms; that would plan some school activities; that would, in short, do something to keep the school alive. But after the first few preliminary meetings nothing more was heard of the Students' Council. In vain we asked about it. No one knew its fate. The answer was invariably, "Don' 'no";

So the school spirit died, school activities died and the year '24-'25 has no high lights in it except those given it by the rugby and basketball teams.

School life continued on its uneventful course for the year '25-'26 until the publication of the *Analecta* in the spring of '26 proved to all that C.C.I. was attempting to stage a comeback. This year the students have endeavored to carry on the good work and make C.C.I. once more a leading school.

How could this be done better than with the aid of a Students' Council? In this council representatives from all the grades could come together and discuss their problems and, often with the advice of the teachers, come to helpful decisions. In this way all the grades would understand each other better and then, in turn, the pupils and teachers would be put in a position to sympathize with each other's problems. With all the students working together and they, in their turn, working in harmony with the teachers, many activities could be planned, many suggestions carried out, many reforms made that could not help but ensure C.C.I. of the finest school life it has ever known.

After the busy Xmas season is over we can start the new term with a Students' Council. Next year holds many opportunities. Take them, C.C.I.

Many of us leave Central High forever next June. We cannot hope to accomplish in the short time left us, everything we wish, but we leave it to you who will be in the school next year to carry on, to hold high the torch we throw you.

Looking at the little poem at the end, remember that your school, as well as "life" is the mirror and as true as you give the best to your studies, your sports, and all the school activities, the best will come back to you.

—L. M. R.



There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave.
There are souls that are pure and true.
Then give to the world the best that you have,
And the best will come back to you.
For life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best that you have,
And the best will come back to you.

C.C.I. HALL of FAME C.C.I.

<i>Name</i>	<i>Noted for</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>	<i>Chief Ambition</i>	<i>In Brief—</i>
Freda Allen. "Bunty"	Doing nothing as far as work is concerned.	Spearing flies in oral comp. period.	To fool the teachers and get away with it.	True she has one failing, Had a woman ever less.
Dorothy Begg "Dot"	Her conscientiousness	Trying to be heard above the din of XII A.	To pass in Trig.	Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low.
Isabelle Becker "Izzy"	Her undivided attention in Algebra period.	Conversing with Layton in Mr. Asseltine's period.	To become a Latin student with the help of Mr. Menzies	I don't care, nothing puts me out I am resolved to be happy.
Helen Browne "Brownie"	Her auburn coiffure.	Studying H. of E. L. for Miss Elliott's benefit, not her own.	To write poetry for the <i>Analecta</i>	Here ringlets are in taste.
Betty Clark "Beans"	Her quiet demure manner.	Usually studying although frequently during algebra periods she is seen fooling with Harry G.	To obtain a degree.	The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
Muriel McFane "Michey"	Her general intelligence.	Listening to Babs witticisms.	To pass XII.	Her talents were of the silent class.
Ruth Bingham	Her art-drawing boys.	Attending school when there is nothing better to do.	To make Grade Niner's basketball champs	As woman doth her mischief brew in nineteen cases out of twenty.
Lena Bramesness. "Leny Bee"	Her musical talents.	Catching up with her homework.	To be a friend to everyone.	It's a very good world that we find.
Beatrice Anderson "Bea"	Her literary ability	Bringing sheiks to her feet.	To keep from mixing her dates.	She was a scholar and a ripe good one.

C.C.I. HALL of FAME—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Noted for</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>	<i>Chief Ambition</i>	<i>In Brief—</i>
Barbara McLaren "Babs"	Her quips and cranks.	Doing her Latin exercises for use of the other Latin students	To become a chemist.	Never mind the why and the wherefore.
Marjorie McAsh "Marj."	Her eyes.	Playing hooky Friday afternoon	To own a pretty five room bungalow and all that goes with it you know.	"In her hair . . . a mist to entrap the hearts of men."
Muriel Sherring "Sherry"	Her ability to write compositions to suit Mr. Dunlop.	Writing the aforesaid compositions	To become a George Sand or Geraldine Farrar.	"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."
Constance Bramesness "Connie"	Her shorn locks	Going home for weekly visits.	To keep stride with her sister.	Here's a maiden of sweet sixteen.
Betty Waines	Bringing up the rear at 9 every morning.	Skiping detentions.	Goodness knows.	Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.
Isabelle Cooper "The Belle"	Being one of the chief butts of the teachers' questions.	Evading all work which is not absolutely necessary.	To leave Central High behind	He most of all doth bathe in bliss, that hath a quiet mind.
Emerson Borgal "Emmy"	His voice, his hair, his eyes.	Teasing Isobel Cooper.	To fit and secure rings for all XII A girls.	It's not the times are bad—but man.
Margaret McNeil "Peggy"	Her tininess.	Learning Trig to please Mr. Asseltine	To become a yell leader.	Mind cannot follow it, nor words express her infinite sweetness.
Reginald Foulds	His retiring disposition.	Keeping clear of the girls.	To finish his high school course.	I wish he could explain his explanations.
Irene Marcy "Mercy"	Her mental abilities.	Blushing.	To pass Grade XII.	"Tis want of courage not to be content.
Pat Lang "Patty"	Being the only boy in XII A not big enough to wear long pants	Whispering to Mr. Dunlop.	To make his hair part in the right place and wear a pair of long pants.	Care will kill a cat and therefore let's be merry.
Jack Higgins "Jack"	His broad grin.	Drawing cartoons.	To grow big.	Fret and fever, stress and strife.

C.C.I. HALL of FAME—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Noted for</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>	<i>Chief Ambition</i>	<i>In Brief—</i>
Reuben Gardner "Rube."	His marcel waves (real or otherwise)	Minding his own business.	To be a sheik.	A finished gentleman from top to toe.
Stephen Johnson "Steve"	Editor of this paper. "Nuff sed"	Upholding Shakespeare.	To pass in Math.	And still they gaze and still their wonder grew. That one small head could carry all he knew.
Bill Taylor "B."	His brain power.	Talking to Ruth and Barbara in Latin periods.	To become popular with the girls.	Not more than others I deserve Yet God hath given me more.
Bill Ludlow "Prof."	Opening and closing XIIA door.	Going over debate material with Jean R.	Not to have to open the door for one whole day.	Mingle a little folly with your wisdom. A little nonsense now and then is pleasant.
Jack Taylor "J."	His power to overcome mental difficulties.	Playing the mouth organ.	To flirt.	He was punctual and diligent, He did what he had to do.
Duncan Waines "Dunc"	His devotion to Pliny	Straightening things up with Dr. Hutchinson.	To do nothing and get paid for it.	I have the language that soft.
Harry Wilkie "Sheik"	His raucous voice	Throwing chalk at Higgins.	To become famous along any line.	A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.
Sinclair Abel "Red"	Steering clear of girls. His oral composition.	Keeping out of troubles that brew in his corner of the room.	To be a great man.	A joke's a very serious thing.
Helen Carr "Lizzie"	Her melodious voice	Helping Foulds with his homework or getting Foulds to help her.	To win a beauty contest.	A daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair.
Madge Irvine "Smudge"	Her debates with Mr. Jones	Chatting with Lorraine in Latin periods.	To make a noise.	How very small the very great are.
Helen McKenzie "Mac"	All the French detentions accumulated since the Rugby banquet.	Taking off her overshoes in the second period.	To keep away from Mr. Jones after four tea parties.	Happy the school to which she goes, for she's sweet and good tempered, as every one knows

C.C.I. HALL of FAME—Continued

<i>Name</i>	<i>Noted for</i>	<i>Favorite Occupation</i>	<i>Chief Ambition</i>	<i>In Brief—</i>
Fred King "Frederick"	Holding up Mr. A's periods while asking the why and the wherefore of this and that.	Helping Mr. Menzies out of his latin difficulties.	To quote Shakespeare correctly.	To him the sounding organ of the schools seemed what it is—a cap and bells for fools.
Helen Sorensen "Goggles"	Her cleverness along all lines.	Winning scholarships.	To develop her mental powers.	I have no other but a woman's reason.
Dorothy Dingman "Dimples"	Her ever ready laugh.	Keeping her neighbours interested.	To have a good time.	To talk without effort is after all the great charm of talking.
Joan Inglis "Jo"	Her quiet disposition.	Loaning her Latin exercises in exchange for algebra problems.	To get through in the end	If thou wilt, remember If thou wilt, forget.
Marjorie Reid "Maggie"	Her attention given to her studies.	Is chiefly studying.	To pass in every subject.	A quiet tongue shows a wise head.
Jean Rutherford "Blondy"	Her brilliant history marks.	Accompanying her brother who plays the banjo.	To become famous.	Life is a jest and all things show it. I thought so once and now I know it.
Lorraine Ritchie "Lorenski"	Her good advice given in Lit. period.	Arguing with Mr. Dunlop or someone else.	To learn Latin and to put Xll A on its feet.	Lose no time to contradict her nor endeavor to convict her.
Johnny Souter "Slivers"	Rugby fame.	Playing "Noughts and Crosses" in oral composition period.	To become a Rugby coach.	As the greatest only are In his simplicity sublime.
George Waterman "Geordie"	His slow step but quick thought.	Answering questions when no one else can.	To become a business man.	The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Fred Cooper "Coop"	His ability to do Latin.	Translating Terence.	To grow a pomp	His talents were of the more silent class.

A DIRECTORY TO XIIB

Lillian Bibby—Although Irish, was born in Calgary—longs to be a really good nurse.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

Josephine Bird—"Rara Avis" (a rare bird). "Dickie" was born in Northamptonshire, England, and came to Sunny Alberta when a mere child. Wants to learn to drive a "Ford."

"The early bird catches the worm."

Gladys Biswanger—Bessy is a permanent fixture in Calgary, having lived here all her life. Intends to be a lawyer.

"She is pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Mabelle Greer—"Babo" (believed to be short for baboon) comes from Loughheed. Chiefly occupied in staying away Friday afternoons. "A maiden modest yet (self) possessed."

Madeline Hall—"Tee-hee-hee, Giggle-giggle-giggle! Beware! Madeline approaches!" Called "Slivers" for short. Born in Calgary. Hopes to pass Grade XII exams before her hairs are grey.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever!"

Helen James—Born in Vancouver but as she was not the only pebble on the beach, came to Calgary. Wants to drive a *Herald* delivery cart (one of those yellow things).

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Sylvia Kirby—"The fair haired nymph with the baby face." Claims Winnipeg as her birth place. Pet ambition to become a nurse. Known to intimate friends (or enemies) as Buddina.

Pauline Lewis—"Still waters run deep." Born in Peru, Indiana, migrated to Enchant, Alta, but finds Calgary better. Can't decide between the profession of History teacher and Grand Opera Star.

Helen Mercer—"Short but sweet!" Drifted to Calgary from Castor two years ago. Her highest ambition is to raise kittens for the cat show.

Violet Silverthorn—"Still fairest found where all are fair." Born in Calgary many long years ago. Chief ambition is to learn Chemistry II without damaging the rest of us. Practises talking Irish as a pastime.

Margaret Sutherland—This fair maid claims Park City, Utah, as her native city. Soon afterwards toddled up to Calgary. Would really like to be a Professor of Geometry.

"A mind at peace with all below
A heart whose love is innocent."

Jean Wallinger—Made her first smile of approval at Cranbrook, B.C. One of our few live-wires. Her best subjects at school are basketball and Harold H. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Hazel Roberts—Another Calgarian. Says her ambition is to be a school ma'am. (Mr. Menzies wants to know if you call that ambition?)

"Nor know we anything as fair
As is the smile upon thy face!"

Zella Oliver—Born at Moyie, B.C. Granddaughter of Alexander McLachlan, the early Canadian poet. If disgusted with the class answers and he does not know the answer himself, our literature teacher asks Zella.

XIIB—Continued

"Her silken tresses darkly flow
And fall upon her brow so fair."

Muriel Graves—"Quiet—but oh, my!" "Gravy's" who has spent four years pacing C.C.I. halls spends her time borrowing French home work. Occasionally amuses herself and others by falling off her chair. Intends to be a nurse.

Asbjorg Elliason—"Silence is golden." One of our "real" students. Reads anything but history as a pastime. Contemplates being a government fingerprint expert.

Delia McIvor—A prairie flower from Regina. When a wee tot moved to Hanna; seeing nothing but gophers, came to Calgary, where there was **something**. Intends to go to India to feed lollypops and Bible stories to the heathen.

NOS GARCONS

Fred Webster—"Fat" as he is "affectionately" called is a real Calgarian. Chief pastime is "whistling" in boring periods. Captain of C.C.I.'s famous Intermediates.

Robert Winters—Born in B.C., otherwise known as twin brother to Topsy. His famous quotation is "The raven himself is a horse-(fly)"

"Oh wind! if Winter(s) comes
Can Cliff be far behind?"

Clifford Gilhooly—Once thought of being a crook but is now studying higher mathematics in preparation for his entrance to the Calgary Police Force. Irish, etc.

Norman Moodie—Another native son. An earnest young man who has felt the call to higher things—chemical engineer (some day!) Favorite pastime getting "bawled" out by Mr. Menzies for being late.

"Great things are done up in small parcels!"

William Lee—Our student friend from Canton, China. He is Mr. Asseltine's one and only rival at rapid calculation. With his Chinese adding beads, his rival fades into obscurity. Noted for his oratorical powers. Intends to be a doctor and practise in China.

Harry Gibson—"Gabby Gibson" otherwise. Kicked out by Mr. Jones yesterday, kicked out again today and also tomorrow. Hopes to leave C.C.I. with a good reputation. Ambition to compete with Richards (the magician.)

Wilfred Bell—"His brow was sad, his eye beneath flashed like a falchion from its sheath." Perhaps he is not as "mad" at the world as he looks. Yearns to be a student of Forestry at Toronto University. He is a regular history "fiend" (the day after the test).

Ted Neilson—"One of our rugby heroes." Commonly known as "T.N.T." Says his one great ambition is to get into another game with South Calgary and explode. He's a SENIOR.

Harold Herron—This Senior Rugby Captain is a native "sun" of Calgary. "Frosty's" chief ambition is to have his picture on a Tooke collar advertisement in the street cars of our city. We wish him the greatest of success!

Thomas McRae—"Slim" was born in Calgary somewhere about eighteen years ago. Intends to become a journalist. Very little heard from him, but we guess he thinks a lot.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Keith Mitchell—Born in our sister city to the north on October 26, 1908. Keith's hobby is detective work, but really expects to finish in a certain asylum on the road to Edmonton. Ambition—to be a "gentleman of fortune." Played Intermediate this year.

XIIB—Continued

Donald Kepler—Don hails from Detroit, (home of all Fords). Someday, hopes to monkey with electricity as an engineer. He is an editor of the *Analecta* and the editor of XIIB's "Cat's Meow." "When in doubt, Don('t)".

Jack Ford—Another Calgarian. If Jack comes in late any more, Mr. Menzies will do more than look at him.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Walter Stillwell—Alias "Quick Silver". Born in Blackdown, Surrey, England. Anxious to be a chartered accountant. One of our energetic rugby stars.

"Nature made him and then broke the mold."

SUMMING UP XIA

Marion Black—Might be better—might be worse.

Edith Drake—Bc good, sweet maid, let who will be clever.

Doris Cormie—Calm and unruffled as the summer skies.

Clara Park—Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

Edythe Blow—Methinks she likes not her place.

Dorothy Bennet—Great favorite of "Robby."

Dorothy Dcslandes—What's the usc of worrying?

Janct Learmonth—Methinks I hear a still small voice.

Gladys Drysdale—A prim mid-Victorian lady.

Lavinia Kay—Flaming youth!

Jessie McKenzie—Goes with Dorothy Bennet—"nuff scd."

Dorothy Freeze—Whcre did you get those eyes?

Katherine Loftsgarden—A model child, also good student.

Victoria Kesnick—Oh me! oh my! must I endure this?

Betty Buckley—Favorite expression—"Not late, sir."

Mary Jamieson—A gentle woman a thing to be much recommended.

Jessie Calder—Hopes to win a swimming medal sometime.

Laura McAlpine—And fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.

Dorothy Ford—A budding literary genius.

Enone Evans—Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Beth Carscallen—Is noted for her C.G.I.T. work, and fondness for back seats.

Grace Topin—"A simple maiden in her flower."

Laura Kelly—"Laugh till your stock of laughter is wholly spent."

Mary Lane—Number 13 harmless.

Phyllis McCamon—A girl with eager eyes and yellow hair.

Pauline Worman—"Her frowns are fairer by far, than smiles of other maidens are."

Eileen Lee—Heigh-ho! I wish I were a man!

Jack Cameron—They say the best men are moulded out of faults.

Kenneth White—His talents are of the more silent class.

Hal. Howard—Men of few words are the best men.

Ruth Campbell—The height of beau—"tush, tush."

Cameron Jamieson—"Am I not first of all a man and a brother?"

Bazil Cole—Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Jack Templeton—He hath an excellent good name.

Jack Gillies—Chief drawback of Junior Rugby team.

Robert Bray—Once a gentleman, always a gentleman.

H. Robbins—"ere, 'ere my boys!

C. Fife—Small Latin and less Greek.

D. Wells—Whence is thy learning?

XIA—Continued

R. Monilaws—He really looks like Mr. Churchill with these tortoise-shell glasses.

Sherry Hayden—Off again, on again, gone again!—a dumb customer.

Arthur Buckley—A talented French-horner, but makes too much noise for his size.

IMPOSSIBILITIES IN XIA

No one talking between bells.

Mr. Dunlop not asking Miss Carscallen, Miss Ford, Miss McAlpin and Bray a question during an entire period.

Miss Evans present for a week.

Cole not casting languishing glances on Miss Anderson and Miss Eddy during the French spare.

Everyone having 25 marks on Miss Elliott's famous tests.

Buckley on time once.

Hayden here for the rest of the term.

XIB

Mr. Scott—Beware the fury of a patient man.

Jack McKenzie—If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs.

Lois Morris—The world to me is like a lasting storm.

Anna Liner—Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

Jack Chaiken—None but the brave deserve the fair.

Gordon Buchanan—Nature has framed strange fellows in her time.

Clarence Busch—Say, sheik, who's your Sheba?

Percy Dickeson—He seems content with life.

John Grodeland—He is a man of mirth, and all the girls shall follow him.

Betty Epstein—Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound her, we find her at her desk, her homework spread around her.

Marjorie Aikenhead—Turn away thine eyes, lest they behold vanity.

Lavinia Begg—Oh what may lass within her hide, tho' angel on the outward side.

Florence Pallesen—Never look obstinate, sulky, or glum. Wait till you're married, my dear.

Joyce Abbis—A reader of the palm is she—will tell you what your lot will be.

Betty Churgin—What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

Walter Davidson—To see the child so very bright—It was a pure delight.

Grace Doherty—She is rarely heard to speak.

Fearl Gourley—Yes, sir, she's my baby.

Beatrice Grant—She tells you flatly what her mind is.

Anna Keith—Certainly a woman's actions run before her thoughts.

Sarah Campbell—Blessed are the latcs, for they shall inherit detentions.

Marjorie Kells—A successful inventor of perpetual motion (of the tongue).

Layton Gardner—He isn't a marrying man, my dears, He is made on a different plan.

Lillian Tupper—We believe she is seriously thinking of becoming a gardner, we don't know how much there is in it.

Alberta Chronkhite—Not a word will she disclose, not a word of all she knows.

Margaret Carson—What statue is she of? Just as high as my heart.

XIB—Continued

Nancy Hamilton—Where'd you get those eyes?

Irene Twidale—I only think of noble men.

Marion Ingham—Love thy neighbours as thyself.

Harold Grevelt—Heaven helps those who help themselves.

Malcolm Peck—He is one of those unfortunate individuals who are always in trouble.

Jack Langston—Lord God of Hosts is with me not, For I've forgot! For I've forgot!

Parker Harris—Blessed is he who expected detentions for he will not be disappointed.

Ronald Harris—A February face, so full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness.

Keith Monroe—He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper thereof.

Elmer Herring—A lass so neat with smile so sweet, Has won his right good will.

William Hillocks—Weep not for me my classmates dear, I am not dead, but sleeping here.

Willis Gross—One of his many good qualities that comes to my mind is his modesty.

Erith Smith—If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be.

Genivieve Tigh—Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

Margaret McDermid—Her blue eyes sought the west afar, for lovers love the western star.

Thomas McKee—Never had master a more humble, more docile pupil.

Bernice Venine—What ever with the past has gone, the best is ever yet to come.

GOING THROUGH XIC

Nellie Brielsmen—With happy smiles and merry face she chases gloom from every place.

Patricia Parker—And still our wonder grew—that one small head could carry all she knew.

Vernona Potts—Her hair is yellow; Her eyes are blue; At doing her lessons she always is true.

Audrey Anderson—Good things come done up in small parcels. Hails from Manitoba. Gee, I think I'll move there!!!

Hilda Eddy—Pretty, with eyes that bewitch. But the day is yet to come when she is not tired.

Miss Rabideau—Believes that silence is golden and rarely breaks the spell.

Annalee Crane—Always has a smile for everyone and you never see her temper ruffled. Has a brother in same room so her actions are limited.

Ella Stuart—She has one supreme virtue—quietness.

Lillian Wallace—If silence is golden she must be a pauper. But she's a snappy kid. Keeps all the boys going—especially Mannix.

Miss Seville—Extremely proud of her name. Ambition—learn to dance.

Flora McTavish—To know her is to love her—both for her personality and beauty.

Thelma Fox—Her only purpose in school is to answer the door, but she's a charming maid with a winning smile.

Gladys Ross—I chatter, chatter as I go.

Francis Hamlin—A silent stillness reigns supreme.

Dorothy Small—Maiden with the big brown eyes, like the dusk of evening skies.

Agnes King—A noble heart that harbours virtuous thoughts.

XIC--Continued

Ruth Walsh—Another girl who has a brother in the same room but it doesn't seem to limit her actions. Yet at duty's call she is fair and unflinching. Grammar genius.

Georgina Dunlop—And always do our hearts with pleasure dance, when we think of thy sunny countenance.

Phyllis Steel—She certainly is not fragile.

Marion Leak—Very quiet, but likable.

Ione Williams—Imported from XIA so is rapidly improving in knowledge.

Margaret Butler—Can be described as calm, tall and impressive.

Alfreda Berquist—If to her share some female errors fall, look on her face and you'll forgive them all.

Archie Aiken—Is our rugby star of whom we're very proud.

Gordon Lewis—If hot air was electricity he would be a power house. He is luminous for notes from several girls in XIC.

Stuart Tonley—A student concise and consistent, quiet and accommodating—a regular fellow.

Clayton Crane—Says little, but says it often.

Freeman—Fills his place in the class as no one else could. We would only be 41 without him.

Jimmy Rae—A nice little guy—laughs at every teacher's joke whether he sees it or not.

Jack Martin—Seldom heard from but present just the same.

Murry—Quiet but obliging.

Robe—Occupies a back seat and certainly makes use of all the opportunities.

Barker—Chief pastime—arguing with the teachers.

Moore—The time is yet to come when he gets to school on time.

Mannix—Sheik of XIC. Ambition—to be popular with the girls.

Dan—Weep not, my school mates, dear, I am not dead—just sleeping here.

Stiernaught—Our "petit eleve Francais" delights in teasing the girls sometimes.

Baker—Does my "Scotch" confuse you? The only clever boy in the room—with the exception of the rest.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

Gladys Ross and Nellie Brielsman didn't talk in Latin period?

Edith Seville won the half mile dash?

Ruth Walsh did not get in an argument with Mr. Dunlop in grammar period?

Audrey Anderson received less than 10 notes per period?

Agnes King couldn't blush?

Dorothy Small could answer a question?

Pearl Rabidau stopped grinning?

Gordon Lewis took the same girl home from a rugby game twice?

Pat Parker played hooky?

Jimmy Rae knew his latin?

Phyllis Steel ran?

—XIC.

“FOR I DIPPED INTO THE FUTURE”

The evening breeze wafted the sweet-smelling scent of refining oil through my open window. The silvery moon beams cast dancing sprites of quivering rays as they filtered through the glistening, crystal-hung branches of the fir-trees, and shone in fantastic array on the shining, snow-covered floor of my garden.

The *Analecta* was out at last. I had just come home from the Senior Literary Society debate on the “Yellow Peril,” and was really resting for the first time in two weeks. As I sat there in my window, I came under the mysterious spell of the moon (not love—this time). I seemed to be sinking, sinking. The whole world was sinking, sinking through time! Vaguely I remembered something Mr. Woodman had told us about the fifth dimension.

My alarm clock ticked faster and faster. The hands moved like those at the Universal Film Exchange which claim “Paramount Pictures make time fly.” The moon sank faster than Helen McKenzie sank in the Crystal Swimming Pool. It became daylight. Yet scarcely did the light last two seconds. The sun sped across the sky faster than “Rube” Gardiner doing the hundred yards. For a long time the sun chased the moon around the earth in a game of tag. It was like a cat trying to lick molasses off its tail.

Finally they stopped, all tired out, with the sun on top. Looking from my window, I was struck with amazement; for where my garden had been, now stood a huge automobile factory, with a big sign on the roof, reading: “Ask to see the Taylor Bros.’ New Twin Twelve Speedster, 1941 Model.”

Fifteen years had passed!!

Well, I walked outdoors and down what had once been Eighth Avenue, but was now Higgins Avenue, after the new Canadian Senator of that name.

I felt strangely out of place. My 1927 “Colleen Moore” sports dress seemed old-fashioned when compared with the new Honolulu Straw Dresses, which signs in the nineteenth floor window of Waterman’s Emporium told me had been imported by Mlle. Irene de Marcie, dressmaker de luxe.

At the corner of Higgins Avenue and Webster Road was a gigantic theatre, Pat Lang’s “Eyeopener.” Multi-colored posters (by Mary Hughes, sign painter) told me that Miss Lenor Bramesness, concert violinist, was on the bill for the week. The movie featured Marjorie McAsh (legally Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) in A. Sinclair Abel’s screen version of “Abie’s Irish Rose” (Still running!) Looking through the glass entrance, I saw Reuben Gardiner, in a nice plum-colored uniform, taking tickets.

How the town had changed in fifteen years!

They were even paving Tenth Avenue and some said that the sidewalks along Eighth Street were cleaned once every winter at least! The fountain in Mewata Park had water in it—except during rugby and baseball games—and the clock on top of Daniel’s Radiator Company (now controlled by Taylor Bros.) was only fifteen minutes wrong. Frederick Cooper, manager of the Calgary Municipal R. R. Company, told me that sometimes the South Calgary and Red Line cars made connections at Eight Street and Higgins Avenue; that is, if Conductor Waines wasn’t in a hurry to get home to lunch.

And so things went. Madge Irvine and Lorraine Ritchie were in the undertaking business and said they “hoped business would be good.” The law firm of Hillocks and Herring was practising (yes, they need the practise alright) and rumor had it that Doctor McLaren was about to consolidate with the Irvine and Ritchie Company.

I found Emerson Borgal shining shoes at “Ye Olde Countrye Barber Shoppe” where Mrs. Emerson (formerly Miss Beatrice Anderson of Delia) was head manicurist; Layton Gardner was slinging hash at the Club Cafe and Isobel Cooper was still in the synthetic ink business.

“Reggie” Foulds and Peggy were married and extremely happy, raising chickens on their farm near Okotoks and Reggie preaches at the Okotoks Presbyterian church on Sundays.

At the next corner I stopped at the "Sorenson and Dingman Newstand" and bought a copy of the "*Calgary Daily Herald*." I gasped. There in screaming headlines was written: "CALGARY GIRL PROVES WOMAN EQUAL TO MAN INTELLECTUALLY." Miss Muriel Sherring's plays declared by famous critics to rival those of Shaw and Ibsen." I turned to the editorial page and read a striking article on a subject of interest to everyone—"Why the Chicken Crossed the Road"—by Stephen Johnson, the editor.

While perusing the paper I tried to cross the road and was nearly run over by Johnnie Souter, who was driving a Taylor Bros.' ten-ton truck, and was a salesman for the "Wilkie Non-Slip Suspenders". My life was saved by the timely interference of "Ruff" Bingham, the lady traffic cop. Just then a clear musical voice startled me by asking—"Excuse me, but I think I have met you some place. My name is Simmons, Mrs. John Simmons."

"Simmons, Simmons, Mrs. John Simmons? I don't seem to place you, Mrs. Simmons, but your face is very familiar."

We shook hands, solemnly, searching each other's faces. I was about to ask where we had met, when a picture flashed into my mind of X11A, a general hubbub, a sea of faces from which one stood out. It had flashing dark eyes and laughing lips and wavy hair. The passing years had made very little change in that face.

"Why Connie Bramesness!"

"Betty, of course."

"And so you're married?"

"Yes, a missionary to the North Pole. We are home on furlough now. You must come and visit me and see my adorable family, three boys and a girl."

"How time flies," I mused. "Have you seen any of our old class lately?"

"Oh yes and I met Freda Allen the other day. She's quite a writer you know—she does articles for 'College Comics'."

"Yes, I believe I have read some of her things. And Helen Brown I heard that she had eloped and her family had disowned her. Is it true?"

"Goodness no! She married a very decent chap—quite an athlete and now he's manager of the New York Giants."

"Do tell me about all the X11A's you know about," I asked.

"Well," she began, "I've been staying at Mrs Taylor's—she was Jean Rutherford, you know. She married a fellow who worked in a garage and now he owns the largest automobile factory in Canada. They have just one child, John Junior—a boy of ten. I had tea at Isobel Becker's, now Mrs. Abel; she's quite a charming hostess and a society figure in the little old town. Muriel McPhaul has taken Miss Elliott's place on the C.C.I. staff and is teaching H. of L. and keeping scores of pupils in at noon. And the human question box! He's a lawyer now, and on the side dabbles in real estate. There is quite a string of King Apartments, subdivisions and so on.

"Betty Clarke has become a great social worker and ran for Parliament last year. Got in, too! And—oh, yes—Marjory Reid is a successful music teacher."

"Dear me, what a change, what a change!" I sighed.

"That's all I can remember—not—there's Dorothy Begg! She's quite a lecturer and public speaker. I heard her on the Chautauqua."

"Well, I must run along now. So glad I saw you. Do write!"

"Yes, certainly. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Then I decided to go up to the old Alma Mater and gaze upon the scenes of my past folly. There was a sign on the east gate—"Please do not park aeroplanes on the lawn (strange how freely people use that word lawn). On the north fence I observed a deep curve near the centre, worn by generations of school girls, too lazy to go around by the gate. I tried to go in at the front door, but a

janitor with a long white beard told me to use the side door. After gaping at him for some moments I decided that he was Mr. Andy Hill.

Well, I used the side door and finally wended my way through the long lines of baby carriages and nursemaids in the hall. (This seems to prove someone's theory that the grade nine kids are getting smaller and dumber every year).

But the school certainly had improved. Helen McKenzie ran a restaurant on the new roof garden. Ted Neilson had the candy concession and bowling alleys in the basement and did a little private bootlegging on the side.

Doctor Hutchinson had retired, and who do you think was principal? None other than Harry Gibson, shell rims and all. He had reached this position after years of honest effort. And the teachers—! Helen Carr taught French and Joan Inglis was dispensing Algebra.

What a difference fifteen years made! A sign on the bulletin board announced that the Board of Education with Bill Ludlow as president was introducing horse racing as a special course, and dancing for students every night from 9 to 3.

At this point I awoke and found it all a vision, but every time I think of that dream, when I see Emerson Borgal, I have to laugh.

GRADUATION!

Graduation—what is it? The term, generally speaking, signifies one of the important events in the life of the boy or girl of today.

It means the end of school days and a taking hold of the duties of life—the end of youth and the entering into adult life, manhood and womanhood—the end of class work confined within four walls, and the commencement of the world's work where space and distance are negative quantities—the end of obtaining knowledge under paid tutors, and the beginning of the acquiring of wisdom through experience,—the end of dependence and the beginning of independence,—a testing of the strength of one's wings, and the first attempt to stand on one's own feet.

All these and more are what graduation means. Now, just how would the average student sum it up for himself? Probably, something like this—a breaking of old ties, a separating from old associates, and a feeling similar to that of a young bird standing on the edge of the parental nest.

Nevertheless, the majority take it rather philosophically. A few see a good time ahead; a number, whose thoughts are on University life, picture themselves rolling peanuts with their noses, or imagine what a cold dip would be like, when least expected; still others, wonder how it will feel to teach instead of being taught. A very small minority, either from natural timidity, or from the faculty of seeing what rare opportunities await those capable of mastering world-wide problems, with excusable nervousness or temerity, as the case may be, engage in a private chat with their instructor, a successful business man, the family doctor or any one whom they think would be likely to give them the advantage of his experience.

The result, to their surprise, is a different viewpoint from each one with whom they converse. The instructor stresses **concentration**; the minister, **faith**; the dentist **diet**; the lawyer **peace** "at all costs"; the manager, **work**; the physician, **health**, and so forth.

The wise student will find in these friendly chats hints, helps and much food for thought. But, he will be convinced that he must carve out a line of activity for himself irrespective of others, and that success depends entirely on his own efforts.

ZELLA JEANNE OLIVER,
XIIB

TIMELY VIEWS

CHRISTMAS

WESTERN CANADA with its clear starry skies and snow-covered prairies, resounding with the music of the sleigh-bells, is especially favored by Nature at this season of the year. Christmas Day is a time of family reunions, when the children of other days return to renew the happy memories of childhood. Then the modern world pauses for a brief period in its pursuit of wealth; the clangour of industry is stilled; and the bustle of the stores ceases—all pay tribute to the Christ Child.

The celebration of Christmas, with its traditions of sentiment and religion unite us in bonds of sympathy with the whole human race. Many of its quaint customs have their roots in antiquity. Thus, among primitive peoples, this period immediately succeeding the shortest day of the year was the occasion of a festival in honor of the sun, which had always been considered to be the giver of life.

The Christmas Tree had its origin in the old Teutonic fir tree, which was decked as a symbol of the rising sun. The name Yule, which is sometimes used for Christmas, was a festival of the early Saxons. It is related that in ancient times the Yule Log (Clog) which was generally the root of a large tree, was introduced into the house with great ceremony. When each had sung his Yule song, standing on its centre, it was burned.

The Mistletoe Bough was cut from the sacred oak by the Druids of Ancient Britain; the Christmas Fire probably had its origin in the great fires burned in honour of the gods Odin and Thor, when sacrifices of men and cattle were offered; while the Waits correspond to the minstrels of old.

Christian nations have retained these beautiful old customs, while transforming the spirit which animated them; for at the coming of the Prince of Peace,

"Nor all the gods beside, Longer dare abide."

the lust for human sacrifice was replaced by the remembrance of the greatest of all human sacrifices; the licence of pagan rites gave place to the Christian spirit of love and good fellowship:

"On earth peace, good will towards men."

In modern times the significance of Christmas is interpreted anew in the practical gospel of giving and of spreading rays of "sunshine" and happiness into the poorest of homes. A sense of responsibility for the welfare of others permeates the whole of society, and not even the smallest child is content to have a "good time" without sharing his happiness with others.

Now, in 1926, the spirit of Christmas has taken possession of us once again. Who can resist the charm of the stores with their fairyland of toys and presents? A sudden interest is aroused in the movements of the heavily laden postman as he slowly passes from door to door, leaving behind him a host of eager faces scanning the greetings from absent friends. What a flood of happy memories those letters arouse! And, alas, what vain regrets for correspondence neglected!

Within the house, amid the bustle of preparations, deep secrets weigh heavily on the brows of young and old. What is the conspiracy that is threatening the peace of mind of the (otherwise) good people of the household? And what is happening at

"Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock?"

Of course, no modern boy or girl believes in the existence of Santa Clause—that benevolent old gentleman who, like Peter Pan, refuses to listen to the stern voice of Father Time. But, happily, doubting Thomases are not to be found among the happy little children, who stir uneasily in their sleep. What will the morrow bring for them? Time (and Santa) will decide.

—G. ROBINSON.

THE SUCCESS OF A STUDENT

The life of a student is the life of mingled failure and success. To avoid failure a student must have ambition and to gain success he must not do things that will lead him to defeat and disappointment. Every one of us hates failure and welcomes success. But few of us consider how to be successful. Still fewer of us take measures to prevent failure. Failure and success are the two kinds of postage-stamps used in school as well as in life. In order that this discourse might be helpful to you here-after, I will endeavor to discuss it in further detail and in a more comprehensive manner.

School is our occupation, for school is the place of our work. It is true that there are drawbacks to our work of being a student, just as there are advantages and disadvantage in being a nurse, dentist, lawyer, doctor, or teacher. In any work we undertake we will have to work hard to succeed, and we will need patience, perseverance, and other good qualities to secure promotion. School life is like all other lives. The real purpose of the school is to enable us to live better. This means that the most important study of all is the study of life, and that algebra, latin, history, hygiene, science and physics are for the purpose of learning how to live.

Realizing that school is our present occupation, our duty is to study and to make the best of it. After we have finished our studies in High School, we have gained but the first stepping stone to higher education. How far one may care to go is a private matter. The field of education is an endless one; it is progressing and changeable. But whatever we do we cannot go on to school all the time. There must be a time when we have to say "good-bye" to school and enter the third avenue of life. It is the choosing of our life's work. Before I am going to tell how we should prepare to choose an occupation, it is necessary to make clear to you that we must concentrate and apply ourselves to our studies while we have a chance. Six things must be done by a student who determines to be a real Canadian citizen in the world of occupations:

- (1) He must discover his interests and abilities.
- (2) He must study the world of occupations.
- (3) He must make a choice of a vocation.
- (4) He must prepare for his chosen calling.
- (5) He must make a successful beginning in his vocation.
- (6) He must make such readjustments and secure such promotion and preparation as shall establish him on an occupational level worthy of Canadian citizenship.

These six principles are equally important. They are hints and suggestions for every one of us now. When the necessity arrives for that application, it will be a help for us to remember them and recall them.

I have indicated that success in school is a part of our success in life. We must remember that success in our future occupations is another equal factor and greater struggle, one which concerns our successes in life.

WILLIAM TUE LEE, (XIIB)

CENTRAL HIGH TO A NEWCOMER

C.C.I. seems so much larger than the school from which I came. It is different in so many ways—the large number of students, all conscious of their important work(at least they all rush about in a very business-like manner); the life of the students, always ready to start something new; the confusion, unavoidable among so many; the knowing experience of the teachers because never yet have I seen a student "put one over on them."

Mentioning teachers—well, teachers just will be teachers, everywhere. As usual their chief ambition is to think up work for us poor creatures (who

hasn't had lines, detentions, home-work, etc., until they wondered if the monsters had any hearts) But we know that in real life they are very interesting and not so bad after all. In no other place have I seen teachers in such close touch with their pupils. They are genuinely interested in the activities of the school. The result of their generous part is seen in sports, lits, social life and, not least, in the *Analecta*.

One cannot help liking the students at C.C.I. They are so friendly, so generous that one fits in without an effort. They must be all right, for in all the social events it is impossible to have any other but a good time. When it comes to school work, they are just ordinary; anyway, there is nothing new about their excuses.

One would think that in such a crowd there would be little room for a stranger, but this is where he is mistaken because the good fellowship of Western Canada is brought to a peak in this Calgary school. I think that of all the schools I have entered, that C.C.I. is the most open to strangers. They can find there a larger circle of acquaintances than perhaps they had in their former school and before long become a part of that life so that they may give to later comers what the school has already given them.

HOME-WORK AND EXAMINATIONS

C.C.I. students, sadly enough, are well-acquainted with homework as well as examinations. During the day the various teachers assign work, and of this alone we do not complain. But when one is taking seven or eight subjects, the work accumulated at the end of a day is rather overpowering. Is there no possible way by which this could be lessened? We students well understand that homework is necessary to enable us to comprehend the next day's work, but, surely, two and three hours work is not essential.

A noted Scotch teacher in Edinburgh recently remarked that homework should be abolished, and that the curriculum should be so arranged as to permit all studying being done in school.

Of course, with the present unit system, this is impossible. Students are hopelessly confused and often are taking more subjects than are really necessary. This naturally entails more homework.

Students of former days, before this system was started, didn't complain of too much work and certainly learned as much as present-day students. After all, when have we finished school, and is taking up engineering, what good can history be? While, if the choice rests on journalism—mathematics seem to be a pure waste of time. So, if the course was so arranged that one could take only the subjects absolutely essential for one's life-work, the homework could be greatly decreased.

Perhaps in the years to come the curriculum will be changed, but it is not of future years that the 1926-1927 students are thinking, it is of the present.

And why should they not, as well as the teachers, have lighter work? The homework must bear heavily on the teachers, for they, too, must prepare it. Of course, it is easier for them, but still it is extra work.

Following along this thought, come the examinations.

These occur at Christmas, at Easter and at June. The former are not so terrifying, but those of June—those are the massacres. Who in the first place, thought of examinations? For those who are strong physically, and who do not possess such a thing as "nerves" the examinations are merely another event in the passing of the school-days. But for many, they are nerve-racking tortures. And for those who never study, they are simply a waste of good paper, as well as of money paid for fees.

Even public school children are being instructed along the "exam-line" so, perhaps, they will not fear the high school finals.

Why couldn't standing be based on the year's work? A student, during

the term, does or does not show his ability to work, and his desire to get ahead. The teachers would be impartial judges, then why couldn't they pass those who deserve it?

However, examinations are examinations, and come they must. But when they do come why couldn't they be extended over a longer period—perhaps a month?

If conditions can be improved, well and good. But as they are, we are compelled to "make the best of it."

We have home-work—verily. Then, let us do it. And when it is done we can face the day with a smile, secure in the knowledge that we have done our duty. For, if during the year we do our part, then when the final grill comes, we will be able to go through with "flying colours". And with that victory will come the thought that we have "played the game."

DOROTHY L. FORD.

WHY WE COME TO C.C.I.

Education is the essential requirement of success in any position in this high speed modern world. At the present time there is a tendency on the part of the C.C.I. students to regard Education in a wrong light. They regard it as one perpetual grind. For this deplorable condition of mind there is no justification. The remedy lies in themselves and is not to be found elsewhere.

The years spent in acquiring our school education should be the happiest and most beneficial to us. It is in these years we lay a solid foundation for our future and determine our success or failure. During this time we receive valuable knowledge, not only of a clerical and technical nature, but also in the sphere of wisdom ever signalized by the code of ethics that regulates the conduct and character of the successful man. The acquisition of knowledge is important but after all the thing that tells in life is conduct and character, and if we do not get the habit of exercising justice, fair play, and good will in all our associations of life, we are doomed to mediocrity if not total failure.

Ethics of business, discipline, friendship, diplomacy and many others should be instilled in the minds of the younger generation.

Are we students of C.C.I. getting a complete education? It is true that we are inspired to greater deeds by our knowledge of literature, higher mathematics and the sciences, also the ethics of discipline are thoroughly impressed upon our youthful minds, and in the course of our studies we also pick up a little diplomacy—but does this comprise an Education? Presumably "No"!

Our clerical and technical knowledge is given no vent, and the diplomacy serves only to save ourselves from punishment. Where does the friendship element come in? It is here on the surface alright but only in a personal way. There is no mutual ground of interest. This prevailing condition tends to cause the formation of cliques and the growth of an oligarchy, resulting in unrest and jealousy. This is extremely detrimental to those concerned in acquiring an education.

Clerical and technical knowledge is extremely valuable but only when it can be given proper expression. Diplomacy and tact are invaluable when properly employed, but otherwise are tools of deceit. Friendships are to be esteemed but mean little in the life of a school unless worked into a co-operating and controlling spirit working in harmony with the whole.

Our education is our one great and only asset when we step out into the turbulent storm of the business and social world. It is the great "fining pot" of civilization separating the gold from the dross. Let's make the best of these years of apprenticeship to life and remember that "although the mills grind slowly, they grind exceedingly well."



Edited by JOHNNIE J. SOUTER

ANNUAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET HELD IN OCTOBER WAS A GREAT SUCCESS

It was a great success but not for Central as Central had to take a back position again. This year South Calgary won the sports, which was quite a surprise. Crescent Heights distinguished herself, however, by coming last with only 14½ points, which is quite a set-back as she held first position for the last three years and now has gone to the bottom. C.C.I. may suffer the same fate if she isn't careful as she is gradually sinking bit by bit.

South Calgary had some fine athletes on the field and was well represented as she had different boys for practically each event and this means a lot to a school, also the teachers there get out and show the boys the proper way of doing things. The style of jumping, shot putting, etc., means a great deal to the athletes and if we had someone to show us how to do things in the proper style we should be able to do better.

C.C.I. had only two boys who did exceptionally well this year and they were, respectively, Walter Stillwell and Ian Macauley; Walter putting the shot 31 ft. 3 inches, breaking the record formerly held by Jack McKay of this school by 7 inches. The other athlete, Ian Macauley, broke the running high jump record by 3½ inches. Macauley shows great promise as a high jumper and when he enters "D" class should be able to break the record. He has one of the best styles of jumping ever seen in school sports and with the proper training and coaching should develop into one of the best jumpers in Alberta, even in Canada.

The great success of the field meet was due to the old reliable Capt. Alex Ferguson and the men who kindly consented to help him. When it comes to pulling off a successful field meet we certainly have to hand it to Alex Ferguson and the athletes of this school take this opportunity of thanking all those who were responsible for it.

The accounts of each individual class is as follows:

"A" Class

The youngsters in "A" class this year were not very successful as they were only able to secure four points, these being made when they tied East Calgary in the relay race. The younger boys of this school do not get the attention they deserve, therefore one cannot blame them for not being top notchers.

In the standing broad jump, Murray MacLean and Doug. Ireton did their best to bring points to the school but their efforts were not good enough as the other athletes beat them to it.

The representatives in the eight pound shot put, from C.C.I. were Tommy McKee and Earl Balfour.

In the first heat of the 75 yard dash Murray MacLean came third, but in the second heat Ralph Mitcheltree was not able to make a place and in the final heat Murray MacLean could not secure a place although he gave them a good race.

The first and only points in this class were made by the relay team which tied with East Calgary to give us four points. The boys responsible for this were Murray MacLean, Campbell Corbet, George Henderson and Doug. Ireton.

In the long run we were again not able to secure any points. The boys entered in this event were Murray MacLean and James Kerr.



"B" Class

The "B" boys were the only representatives of the school who obtained a shield for the cupboard in the hall. This year in "B" class we won the Passchendale shield with a total of seventeen points, just beating Commercial by one point. Much of the credit is due to Mr. W. Ludlow, who trained us and Capt. A. Ferguson, who ran the trials off.

The individual medal was won this year by "Mickey" McConnell of Commercial, who won the dash, shot put, long run and came third in the high jump. Ian Macauley of C.C.I. was the runner up with eleven points.

In the high jump we secured first place, due to Ian Macauley, jumping 5 ft. $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, breaking the former record established in 1918 by F. Waines of this school by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Charlie Fife was the other representative from C.C.I. We secured one more point in the shot put, Macauley making another point for us. Doug McDermid was unable to make a point.

The standing broad jump gave us five additional points as Macauley secured another first.

In the first heat of the 75 yard dash Riley was not able to secure a place, but in the second heat H. Kheong, the Chinese boy, came first and in the final heat made third place. The relay team secured first place, thus adding five more points, bringing the total up to seventeen. The relay team consisted of the following boys: H. Kheong, Jack Ford, Ian Macauley and E. Riley.

This closed the scoring in this class as McDermid and Dann were unable to make points in the long run.

Doug. McDermid came fourth and would have come in for some points if he had got off to a better start, but he was forced to the back owing to the crowding in.

As we won the shield this year we expect the boys in 1927 to do their best to keep it in the school.

"C" Class

We didn't do as well this year in "C" class as in 1925. The total this year was thirteen compared with the total of twenty last year. The scoring of the points was as follows:

In the running broad jump, Walter Stilwell came third for one point, Harry Wilkie also represented the school. In the next event, the twelve pound shot put, Stilwell got first place with a put of 31 ft., 3 inches, breaking the old record of 30 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches made in 1922 by Jack McKay, of this school. Keith Mitchell got third place making a total of six points for us in this one event. Stilwell and Mitchell were unable to score in the hop step and jump as the athletes from the other schools were too good for them.

In the first heat of the 100 yard dash Eric Jones



came second; in the second heat Stilwell came second and in the final the latter came third for another point.

The relay team, consisting of W. Stillwell, C. Jones, D. Kepler and H. Wilkie, finished third, giving us another point.

Eric Jones and Vic Bibby put up a fine fight in the long run, to finish second and third respectively. This finished the "C" Class events and when we counted our points we found we had thirteen.

In 1925 Johnnie Souter made fourteen points alone to take the "C" class individual championship medal. This year the individual medal went to T. Sindall, of East Calgary. C.C.I. came third this year and we want to come first—that means we have to work harder than ever next year to pull ourselves into first place.

"D" Class

In "D" class, C.C.I. fared very badly securing only eight points. This was a great disappointment as we expected more points than this. In the high jump "Wilf" Bell wasn't able to represent the school and we had to substitute Emerson Borgal thus losing points here, as Bell is able to do 5 ft. 2 in. anytime, which was all that was made at the sports.

In the high jump this school was represented by Emerson Borgal and Johnnie Souter, the latter securing fourth place. In the shot put C.C.I. scored one point as a result of Layton Gardner making a third place. Johnnie Souter was the other representative.

One more point was added in the running broad jump as a result of Johnnie Souter jumping 17 ft. 2 inches which is $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches behind his record made last year. Layton Gardner was also representing the school in this event.

In the first heat of the 100 yard dash Reuben Gardner came second being beaten by Mooney of South Calgary. In the second heat Johnnie Souter came third. Rube Gardner came second in the final heat as Mooney beat him again, owing to beating the pistol by 10 ft. but the starter did not see it.

In the relay race we were able to secure three more points as we obtained second place. The relay team consisted of the following: Bob Bray, Layton Gardner, Johnnie Souter and Reuben Gardner.

The last event on the program was the long run but Howard Davidson and Johnnie Souter were unable to make a place. Mooney of South Calgary broke the record by three seconds so it wasn't much discredit to have to take a back position against him.

The members of the track team wish to thank Harry Gibson for leading the school in yells as they certainly mean a lot to help you on.

A Few Things of Importance About a Track Meet.

Many of the spectators (in fact 75 per cent of the audience) at the sports believe that it is very easy to go into the events. Now those people are sadly mistaken. A track meet is harder on a person than any other kind of sport, whether it be rugby, hockey or any other kind of game. In the sports it takes every ounce of energy you have, your muscles have an enormous amount of strain on them, and in each event you have to put all you possibly can into it. Although it is only for a little while it takes more out of you than a whole rugby game.

For a track meet a boy or girl needs a great amount of constant training so that he or she, will be fit to go in an event. Even one event is hard on a person for example, in the high jump you have to put every speck of energy you have in your jump and this soon wears you out; whereas, in the rugby game you have a little chance to rest and there is not once that you have to put all you possess into the game. If you are not feeling well on sports day, this takes your strength from you and causes you not to do so well whereas in a rugby game you may be able to forget it and it won't effect you.

Now if you want to help the Athletes of the school in the sports, get out and holler. People do not realize how much the encouragement from the spectators help them on, so get behind the boys and help them.



TRAINING FOR ATHLETES

Our athletic youths do not get the training necessary to develop them as adults into first class track and field athletes. They are allowed to carry on the best way they can, with the minimum of instructions. There is no reason why the matter of schoolboy athletes should not receive some closer consideration than it at present obtains. Speaking generally the lad with the physical gifts for running, jumping, etc., and the taste for making use of the same, is left too much to get on the best way he can. Of training he receives very little and by "training" I do not mean that special preparation for a definite purpose, the winning of a certain event, that the word is usually understood to represent, but assistance towards the acquiring of that knowledge which is the outcome of many years of experience.

Of the training that includes special dieting and living for several weeks according to a regular schedule of exercise, the schoolboy needs no instructions, but in how to run and to put the shot, tuition in the style of his pastime, information of the scores of athletic "tips" that have been discovered, he does need. There is no reason why he should not learn at the beginning the correct and most effective methods of using his physical gifts.

Rugby he learns under the tuition of an expert; he doesn't learn to kick or catch with no other guide than his own intelligence. Why should he not be similarly instructed in Athletics? There is no reason why not but in most cases he is left to develop his natural gifts and inclinations as a sprinter, distance runner or jumper haphazardly. The result is that he doesn't develop his natural abilities to their due extent and since success brings satisfaction he doesn't derive as much pleasure from those gifts as would be the case were he to be properly instructed.

Few boys—and there are many adult athletes who are no better informed—can tell whether they are better distance runners or sprinters. They will probably tackle every distance up to a mile but for which they are most naturally suited they haven't the faintest notion. Here expert advice would be of value.

One of the first essentials of the training of the schoolboy athlete seems invariably to be overlooked. It is the necessity of giving thought and attention to his bodily development. A lad shows signs of being a good runner. Very well, let him run and go on running. Such seems to be the general view. It is forgotten that success in running (or any other sport) does not depend upon the exclusive cultivation of this particular physical gift. Ability to use the legs swiftly is not the only qualification a runner needs. He uses other muscles than those of his legs. His stamina, the ability to get the most out of his peculiar gift depends to an enormous extent upon his lungs.

Lung power is the very foundation of all vigorous athletic or physical effort. Then why not assist him to develop lung power. If the "wind" gives out the athlete is incapable of further effort, no matter whether it is his legs or his

arm muscles that he is chiefly making use of. Correct breathing means a lot, yet few athletes give this matter a thought. Breathing exercises certainly should be taught to the school boy athlete.

One great and all too frequent mistake is that of going out day after day and attempting to do one's best on every occasion. The sprinter, during training should spend a lot of time on starting practice right up to the day of competition. He must also attend to such matters as body carriage and striding and he must learn how to run cleanly through the finish of the race without flinching and without either jumping or throwing up his arms.

Distance runners must first of all learn how to vary their stride so that the various sets of muscles are given a rest without any decrease in speed and secondly boys must learn to run to a time schedule and for this purpose of course learn to judge the pace at which they are running. Sometimes the boy should run considerably more than the distance at which he is going to compete.

It is of the first importance that both high and long jumpers should learn the exact number of steps which will take them right on to the take off mark, at the end of the run up. High jumpers should usually practise only at such heights as they can be absolutely certain of clearing. This will give them full opportunity to devote their undivided attention to the management of the body while it is in mid-air.

At the track meet—half an hour before your race, come out of the dressing room and "warm up." Sprinters should practise a few starts and then take one or two fifty yard runs at about three-quarters speed. Half miles should dance about on their toes a bit to get the muscles into working order, they should then run 300 yards at half speed to open up their lungs and oxygenate the blood. This preliminary warming up should be done with the sweater on and if the weather is cold or damp the legs should be kept covered. When the warming up is over go back to the dressing room and **KEEP OFF YOUR LEGS.** Do not sit about on the damp ground either before or after your event and while you are waiting to compete do not stand about just because you want to watch the other events in which you are not taking part.

Sprinters and hurdlers must make absolutely sure that the starting holes are properly placed and that the back walls are perfectly firm. When you are on the mark take absolutely no notice of your opponents nor of anything that is taking place around you. Concentrate every nerve and muscle on getting quickly away at the crack of the pistol.

Athletes should always be careful to eat plain, wholesome food. During the 24 hours actually preceding an important competition one should, if possible, rest, and nothing hard to digest should be eaten. On the day before the sports an ordinary meal may be eaten and enjoyed. If the race is in the middle of the afternoon then the midday meal should be eaten at 11:30 a.m. It should consist of a couple of lightly boiled eggs, toast, and weak tea. The great thing is to keep the stomach in perfect condition on sports day.

When you get to the sport grounds do not wander all over the place talking to your friends and standing on your legs; do not worry about the abilities of your various competitors and above all do not think about the forthcoming contest and do not be afraid to make the preliminary preparations which are essential. If you go to any big athletic club you will see the men making such preparation with the greatest care. Why then should you not do the same?

FOOTBALL



JUNIOR RUGBY

The Junior team didn't do as well as was expected of them this year. At the first of the season, on paper, they seemed to have had a very strong team. It was not entirely the boys' fault as they had tough luck throughout the season. They are not offering any alibis, however, but would like everyone to know they they did their best, and if they had been favored with any kind of breaks, the story would have been different. The boys from the start had quite a lot of misfortunes in the way of losing players and this kept on at every game until by the time they reached the third game there was only a remnant of the original team left. Another reason why the Junior team came out so badly was due to the overcrowding of spectators on the field at the games. In fact, at the second game there was the great crowd of three pupils out to cheer them.

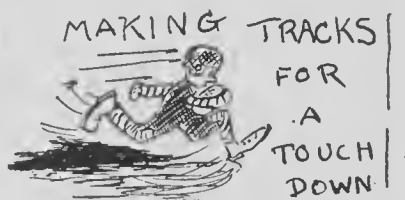
The Juniors had the right spirit this year but had it taken out of them when they would go on the field and discover that there wasn't anybody to cheer them on.

Never mind, Juniors, it wasn't your fault, you did your best. Try again.

THE GAMES

First Game—The Juniors started off the season in splendid style by winning their first game ten to nil against the last year Champions, Crescent Heights. The game was one of the best Junior games staged this year as both teams were fairly evenly matched.

There was no scoring in the first and second quarters but in the third quarter Willard Neilson was able to penetrate the Crescent's line to go over for a touch. In the final quarter Doug Foulds ran through a broken field for a brilliant run of 55 yards to make the score 10-0.



Second Game—The Central Juniors suffered defeat in the second game by a 13-0 score to East Calgary, who later became the Junior Champions. It was a hard fought game from start to finish and the game was closer than the score indicates. Seright, of East Calgary, did the bulk of the work for the Easterners and it was due his efforts that they won the game. C.C.I. lacked the punch at the right time as they failed to score on several occasions with only a yard between 5 points and 0. The line did not hold as good in this game as in the first. The game ended 13-0 and East Calgary was well away for the Championship.

Third Game—In this game C.C.I. took the short count of a 17-10 score against St. Mary's. Central was handicapped, due to the loss of players, but they put up a good fight nevertheless. In the first half the line held well and secured a 10-0 lead at half time. In the first quarter Jimmie Murray picked up a loose ball and made a 40 yard run to score the first touch of the game. Doug Foulds duplicated the feat but was stopped four yards from the line. Doug McDermid, however, went over on the next down. In the last half our team wilted and St. Mary's piled up 17 points to win the game 17-10. This closed the Junior games and East Calgary won the championship, and we wish to congratulate the winners on their fine team.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM 1926-27

Back Row—Left to right—Tinsely, J. James, W. Neilson, S. Tennant, J. J. Souter (coach), J. Murray, S. Hayden, C. Fife.
Middle Row—A. Tilley, D. McDermid, T. McPherson, J. Langston, N. Moodie, T. McKee.
Front Row—H. Thom, B. Berkoff, D. Foulds, R. Whittaker, J. McNeill

BIOGRAPHIES OF



THE JUNIOR TEAM

Bobby Berkoff—First year in rugby but showed promising form.

Jack Ford—Quarter. Played a good game when he was playing.

Charlie Fife—Half Back. Hurt his shoulder in the first practise which handicapped him a great deal.

Doug. Foulds—Captain of the Team. Doug. played good rugby all season and should "go big" next year with the Intermediates.

Jack Gillies—Played last year with the Intermediates and was always there at a game, although not at practices.

Sherwood Hayden—Outside Wing. Played a good game when he wanted to, but he didn't want to very often.

Jackie James—Inside Wing. With this year's experience he should be a great help to the Juniors next year.

Jack Langston—Inside Wing. First year in rugby but was a sure and willing worker.

Doug. McDermid—Middle Wing. Played last year. Doug. made yards frequently with his bucking.

Tommie McKee—Outside Wing. Tommie is small but he sure can tackle. He figures the bigger they are the harder they fall.

Johnnie McNeil—Inside Wing. Should develop into a good player next year.

Tom McPherson.—Half Back. Played last year and was a tower of strength when holding the line.

Norman Moodie—Middle Wing. First year at rugby but he certainly made good.

Jimmie Murray—Outside Wing. The fastest player on the team, a deadly tackler; never missed a man if he was within diving distance of him.

George Stinson—Outside Wing. Small, like Tommie, but right on the spot at the right time.

Secord Tennant—Quarter. Played with the Juniors last year. He played a good game but frequently forgot he had any other signals but two.

Andrew Tilley.—Inside Wing. Tilley was light but a willing worker.

Harold Thom—Inside Wing. But could be relied upon to play any position on the team.

Reg. Whittaker—First appearance in a rugby team but should be a great strength to the Junior team next year.

The team was coached this year by "Wink" Potter, an ex-C.C.I. student who is at present teaching at Stanley Jones.

Johnnie Souter also coached the team. "Wink's" ambition is to get a winning team next year so do your best Juniors to help him realize his ambition.

INTERMEDIATE RUGBY

C.C.I. Intermediates Win Rugby Championship This Year.

Central came back to their own in the Intermediate class this year by winning the city interscholastic championship.

The team really deserved to win this year as the boys turned out to practices faithfully every time one was called and got down to real business and worked good and hard. Much of the credit is due to Mr. Dunlop who spent a great deal of time and pains in an endeavor to put the boys into shape, and also to the C.C.I. spirit of the boys who turned out to all practices in fine style. Mr. Dunlop worked hard with the boys and it wasn't an uncommon thing to see him getting down and showing the boys how to do things in the proper way, such as holding the line, how to buck the line, etc. C.C.I. owes quite a bit to Mr. Dunlop and his team, for they won the only championship and the school is right with them, so do the same next year and keep the good work up.

The team had a very easy time this year as they were coached to perfection and were worthy champions. The team didn't really get under way until about the last game but they did not back-slide and upheld the Purple and Gold colors on every occasion.

The line was all that anyone could wish for and could successfully oppose one which was heavier than theirs in wonderful manner. The halves were very fast and heavy with some previous experience which helped them along. The Intermediates unveiled some nice tricky plays which fooled the opposing teams many times. It isn't to be doubted that they were unequalled in the city.

The Games

The First Game—First game of the season opened with a six to nil score. Crescents taking the zero mark, while C.C.I. carried the total of six points after the game. Hillhurst Park, Crescent's home ground, was the scene of the game and as the weather was fine Central just had to win.

Blocking a kick near Crescent's twenty-five yard line, C.C.I. paved their way for the only touchdown of the game. King broke through, picked up the loose ball and sprinted over for a try. King added one more point by drop kicking over the bar so that Central was well away the Crescents were able to realize that the game had had started.

During the second and third quarters no points were scored although the ball was in the Crescents part of the field most of the time. In the last quarter King again did his stuff and was well away for a touch. He made a forty yard run through a broken field to the blue and red line, but returned with the ball and was tackled. The ball was declared dead and we were not credited with a touchdown. The whistle blew soon after and C.C.I. walked off the field with a 6-0 score to their credit.

The Second Game—The second team to bow down to the Purple and Gold was the East Calgary team, which was defeated twenty to nil. The game was as loose as the score indicates and the Easterners put up a strong fight but it was of no use.

In the first period, Fred Webster went over for a try which King sent over the bar for the first six points. Aitken had his trusty boot working in splendid form and made two nice kicks to the dead line for two more points. In the second quarter "Cliff" Gilhooley picked up a loose ball and went over for a try which King converted. The last touchdown was made by Harry Wilkie and King converted once more, making the score now 20-0.



The last quarter was merely a see-saw between the two touch lines. East Calgary decided they needed several touches to win before the final whistle but Central's line held and the boys from the East came out with the short end of a 20-0 score. East Calgary was handicapped by the absence of Sindall, but Archie Iougne kept up the good work throughout the game.

The Third Game—This game was staged at the college campus when C.C.I. played St. Marys. The Saints had to be content with two of the fifteen points scored. Central profited by their opponent's fumbles and disorganization and made their points in this way.

The game was merely an exhibition as several boys on the Green and Whites were over weight. C.C.I. played loose rugby until the last quarter when they decided to make the game a little more interesting and show the spectators that they really had a team.

The back field of the Saints was fairly strong and Bernard began to break through for big gains but the Central line steadied themselves and kept them at bay from here on. The Saints line, however, was weak and afforded little protection to the backs. This is how the points were scored: King punted to the dead line for one point. N. Lance was rouged in the second quarter for another point. The Saints tied the score by two kicks to the deadline by Needham and Lance respectively.

At the start of the fourth period the score stood 2 all, a fumble on St. Marys part gave C.C.I. an opening for a try when Webster went over. Mitchell a little later, ran through a broken field for thirty-five yards to give us another touchdown which was converted by King. Two more kicks to the dead line brought the score to 15-2 for C.C.I.

This was the third win for Central but they had hardly begun to show their stuff.

The Fourth Game—The fourth and final game was witnessed by a fairly large sized crowd, at the college campus. The Intermediates decided to get revenge for the defeat of the Senior team the day before so they took South Calgary into camp with a five-nil score.

In this game Central finally got down to business. Pat Aitken's boot was in first class condition so he booted the ball high and far to give Central points. Assisting Pat were "Slim" Mitchell and Harry Wilkie with wonderful end runs while Freddie Webster bucked through for yards repeatedly. Vic Bibby, "Clif" Gilhooley and Fred Webster did some nice tackling, preventing the South Calgary backs from getting away on several occasions. Oulton held down the keystone position in fine style while King guided Central through safely by mixing up his plays and using his head at the right moments. South Calgary failed to put through their bucks while Central used end runs and punting for their main stay.

In the first quarter Aitken kicked for a rouge from behind the thirty yard line. In the second quarter Aitken again punted over for a point. The scrim-





INTERMEDIATE RUGBY TEAM, 1926-27

Back Row—Left to right—C. Gilhoolley, A. Aiken, W. Neilson, G. M. Dunlop (coach), J. Cameron, K. Mitchell, H. Wilkie. *Middle Row*—H. Warren, Selwood, B. Willmot, F. King, K. Butyon, E. Jones. *Front Row*—H. Neilson, G. Carpenter, F. Webster (captain), H. Whittaker, V. Bibby.

mage raged at the Southerner's end of the field for the greater part of the game but the Green and Reds held well. Aitken kicked for another point and towards the end of the game Mitchell nearly went over for a try after running through a broken field, but G. Graves brought him down on the fifteen yard line. Fitzsimmons was rouged on another of Aitkens kicks. Pat made another punt to bring the total up to five.

South Calgary began to rally when Graves broke through centre but he only got fifteen yards before he was pulled down. The rally was of no avail however, as the score remained 5-0 until the end of the game, in Central's favor.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE TEAM

Fred Webster.—Captain of the team. Played last year with the Intermediates and is one of the best Intermediate players in the city. He gained many yards this year for the team by his able bucking.

Archie "Pat" Aitken.—Played for the Juniors last year. With his head, his foot and the ball, he did much towards winning the championship.

Harry Wilkie—Give "Sheik" half a chance and the oval, and he'll go through. He migrated from last year's Juniors.

Keith Mitchell—Surnamed "Slim" with us from last year. Give him the ball and Webster behind him and we're well away.

Fred King—Alias "Touchdown Freddie". A brainy quarter, who used his head on the gridiron; having outgrown the Juniors he showed the Intermediates some snappy signals.

Clifford Gilhooley—A fast wing, a sure tackler, only his sprained ankle prevented him from doing more. They call him "Irish."

Victor Bibby—"Vic" for short; his first year in rugby, but like "Irish" he is always on the job at the right time and a strong tackler.

Bill Oulton—As reliable at centre as a brickwall.

Jack Cameron—Teams well with Oulton, his first year in rugby, but wait until next year.

Herbert Whittaker—Known as "Hub". When he gets going nothing can stop him. (It's natural.)

Eric Jones—Fast as lightning and always sure of his man. When he wasn't holding the line he did his stuff on the wing.

Gale Carpenter—He couldn't make the Juniors so he helped hold the Intermediate line.

Keith Burton—He was always there when he was needed and went right to it.

Homer Neilson—Homer was there for emergency.

Willard Neilson—Having lost faith with the Juniors he helped hold the line against the Sts. and the Southerners.

Bob Wilmont—Lacking a memory he was unable to play the last half of the league, but he was ready to take his place when needed.

Harry Warren—Played middle wing and was always on the job.

Charlie Selwood—Played any position that was available, was a good all round man.

SENIOR RUGBY

Under the able coaching of Arnold Wark, the Central High Seniors prepared for another big year. The players were for the most part raw material who not only had to learn how to play the game, but also the rules. Thorne Neilson and Herron played with last year's senior team and Duncan Wainnes came to us from Crescent Heights Seniors. Stilwell and Smith played on the Intermediate team last year. With some eighteen or twenty recruits, Coach Wark began to whip a team into shape.

First Game—The Senior Interscholastic Rugby League was ushered in by a glorious win for South Calgary and a disastrous defeat for Central. C.C.I. fumbles were costly and South Calgary took advantage of these to pile up a score of 11-2. Our boys seemed to lack the punch as they failed to go over when it looked certain that they would secure a try.

This is how it happened: C.C.I. fumbled on their own line which gave South Calgary possession and Harold Richards had no difficulty in going over for a try. Central again fumbled a kick behind its own line and Lees fell on the ball for five more points. C.C.I. scored their two points in the second quarter by kicks to the dead line by Smith. The last point was scored on a rouge by Singleton. When the whistle went for time, South Calgary was victorious with a 11-2 score.



Second Game.—After the defeat, constant training and coaching improved the team wonderfully and East Calgary was defeated by a 25-6 score. In the first quarter Bell bucked over for a try and in the second quarter Scott scored a touchdown for us, making it ten points, and Nicol of East Calgary made a pretty field goal for three points. Thorne added five more by going over for a try. Herron raised the score up to twenty. East Calgary got another field goal giving them six points. In the final quarter Central made the score up to twenty-five by Bell making a touchdown.

Third Game.—This was the big game of the season, Central was to meet the unbeaten Commercial. This team had defeated South Calgary, who had already beaten C.C.I. However, Central came through with flying colors and won by a 10-2 score. Smith's stellar punting was the big factor in this win. Much credit is due the Commercial team for the way they held Centrals in this game although they had a very much lighter team.

Commercial fumbled and C.C.I. got possession on the thirty yard line and Smith kicked to Johnston who was rouged by Herron. The first touchdown was made when Bell broke through a broken field for thirty yards enabling Neilson to buckover for a try, giving us a 6-0 lead at the end of the first quarter.

In the second quarter Smith kicked to Johnston and Thorne rouged him. Smith kicked to the dead line to make the score 8-0 for us at half time. In the third quarter Commercial had the best of the play and made two points when Smith was rouged by Naggler and McConnell respectively. In the final quarter Johnston was rouged by Wallace and the last point was scored by a kick to the dead line, by Wallace. This closed the scoring and the game ended 10-2 in favor of Arnold Wark's squad.



Fourth Game.—Crescent Heights was an easy victory for Central and the Purple and Gold squad came out with a 34-6 score. The game was a poor exhibition of rugby but came in handy as a practise for us. Line plunging by Neilson and Herron, criss-cross plays by Scott and Thorn were the features.

Final Game.—Now came the big fight. A three-cornered tie was the result of the plays of the first schedule. The final series draw called for a game between South Calgary and Commercial, Central having to play the winner. If Central won their game they were to play the loser of the first game. South Calgary beat Commercial in the first game then Central met South Calgary in the final. This game was the hardest fought battle in the history of Inter-scholastic Rugby. The teams were very evenly matched and it was a bitter struggle from start to finish. The result was that C.C.I. took the short end of a 7-5 score and South Calgary became the 1926-'27 Champions. Central had slightly the stronger team but the breaks were against them and South Calgary was quick to take advantage of Central's mistakes.

This is how the tragedy happened: In the first quarter Thorne made a pass to Herron but Mottishaw intercepted and was well away before anybody could catch him. In the second quarter C.C.I. was bucking tremendously and Herron finally went over for a try. In the last quarter Nelson's trusty kicking gave them two more points by wonderful kicks to the dead line. When the whistle blew the score stood 7-5 for South Calgary.

It was a good game and a good season as a whole and we hope for better luck in the finals next year.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE SENIOR TEAM

By H. H.

Emerson Borgal—Inside wing. A member of last year's Intermediates who stepped up to the Seniors this year. Emerson played a good steady game throughout the season.

Wilfred Bell—A son of Calgary's foremost Furrier and middle wing on the Senior team. Bell has both speed and punch and proved to be a valuable man to the team.

Reuben Gardner—Our speedy flying wing. In the first game lack of experience held Reuben back but in the later games he found himself, and his speed was responsible for many C.C.I. gains.

Layton Gardner.—The husky middle winger. Layton played only the first two games. Then unfortunately he dislocated his shoulder and this kept him out of the play for the remainder of the season.

Willis Gross.—Inside wing. An aggressive player. He has plenty of weight which he makes use of.

Harold Herron—Captain of the team was half-back of last year's Senior Champs, who held the same position again this year. Harold's specialty is line plunging. He seldom failed to make a gain.

Armand Hannay—Although a new recruit this year, Hannay played a fine game. He with some others of the younger players this year will be the bulwark of next year's senior team.

Elmer Herring—Centre and sub. outside wing. Elmer played a fine game throughout the season. His ability to break through the opponents line to break up their plays made him a very valuable asset to the team.

Steve Johnson—Inside wing, who came to us from Bassano. He played the first two games and then became too busy editing the *Analecta* to finish the season.

Keith Monroe—Called "Big Boy" by fellow members of the team. His position was inside wing and his line plunging brought Central many big gains.

Cilmore McLaren—Middle wing. Gil is a good line man. On the offensive he always makes a hole in the opposing line and on the defense he does good work in breaking up the bucks of the opponents.

Ted Neilson—Middle wing and a member of last year's Senior Champs, nick-named T.N.T. because of his ability to blow up our opponents line. Ted was the outstanding player on the team. He never failed to play a first class game.

Douglas Robinson—Hails from Saskatoon where he played rugby for the Saskatoon Collegiate. Doug is a good punter and should help to strengthen next year's senior team.

James Robinson—Brother to Doug, who also played rugby in Saskatoon. Jim played middle wing position and played a good steady game all season.

Ivan Smith—Kicking half-back of the team. Ivan is a sure catch and a first class punter. He demonstrated this in the games by out-punting the kickers of the other teams.

Jack Scott—Son of our worthy science teacher. We don't hold this against him though for he is really a nice fellow and a good rugby player. Jack played outside wing position. He certainly is a sure tackler and a good broken field runner.

Walter Stillwell—Outside wing. Walter is fast and tricky and made long gains around the ends. He was with the Intermediates last year.

Johnnie Souter—Coach and trainer of the Junior team, who played in the final game against South Calgary. Johnnie certainly showed the boys he had not forgotten how to play. His speed and deadly tackling were features of the game.

Walter Thorne—Quarter-back and field leader of the team. Walter was a member of last year's champions. He led the team well and always turned in a good game himself. Unfortunately he was playing in the final game with a sprained ankle and so did not play quite up to his usual good form.

Duncan Wainess—Came to us from Crescent Heights High where he was a member of the senior team. Dunc was the Business Manager of the team and it was due to his efforts that the team was supplied with sweaters, stockings and pads.

Harry Wallace—Half-back. A good tackler, a sure catch and a good punter. His returning of kicks gave Central many an advantage over their opponents.



Jack Scott
Fly half



Ted Nielson
Fly half



Willis Green
Fly half



Vern Bell
Fly half



Samuel Borstel
Fly half



Donald Hickey
Quarter



Clayton Gardner
Fly half



Stephen Johnson
Fly half



Harold Henson
Fly half



Johnnie Sculler
Fly half



David Morris
Fly half



David Robinson
Fly half



Henry Wallace
Fly half



Jim Robinson
Fly half



Melvin Thomas
Quarter



Walter Skiffell
Fly half



Glenau MacLean
Fly half



Ivan Smith
Fly half



Keith Morgan
Fly half

ARNOLD WARK
Coach

CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Senior Rugby Team 1926

DR. J. M. HITCHCOCK
Principal

HALL OF FAME

C.C.I. has developed many athletes in the past, some of whom are still going strong in sports. It is a great thing for the school to know that it was responsible for the start of the Athletes. These athletes have always been credited with the best kind of sportsmanship. Some of the recent stars—who we know of—are “Scotty” McLaws, Jack McKay, Herbie Lewis, “Tiny” Thompson, Roy Geffen, Gordon Savage, Gordie Ross, and many others too numerous to mention. But yet a greater achievement in the form of credit is the Calgary Junior Rugby team this year, known as the Calgary Tigers.

This team just missed winning the provincial championship by a small margin. The outstanding characteristic of the team was that all the players received their tuition in rugby through the interscholastic league. But there is still another greater feature and that is this: Out of the twenty players on the team, twelve were graduates of this school.

The members of the team who are ex-C.C.I. students are: Walter Johnson half back, who went to this school last year; Bert Taylor, half back who played for C.C.I. for three seasons, starting in 1921; Maurice Fidler, half back, who graduated from C.C.I. last year; Fred Adams, quarter, played rugby for C.C.I. for three seasons, starting in 1922; Richie Wallace, centre, played this position for the school last year; “Yank” McFadden, graduated from Central two years ago, after playing a wonderful season with the seniors; Leonard Graves, outside wing, captain of the senior Interscholastic Champions, 1925-26; Reg Foulds, speedy outside wing, who returned to C.C.I. to finish his matriculation; Eric Friend (“Friendly”), played two seasons ago with the school team; Leslie Oulton, member of last year’s championship team; Everett Borgal, another of last year’s seniors.

APPRECIATIONS

The 1926 rugby season was a huge success, due to the efficient rugby committee, presided over by Mr. F. W. Woodman and the officials at the games. The C.C.I. rugby teams sincerely thank all referees and judges of plays who kindly acted when approached by the captains of the teams.

The referees were: Capt. A. H. Ferguson, Mr. W. Ross, Mr. Archie McTeer, Gordy Ross, “Fat” McLaren, Mr. Dunlop and others.

On behalf of myself and “Wink” Potter, I wish to thank the junior team for the token of appreciation presented to us for our services rendered to them during the rugby season. They have our sincere thanks, as it is only a pleasure to coach them.

—JOHNNIE J. SOUTER.

NEW SCHOOL RUGBY EQUIPMENT

Due to the efforts of Fred Webster, Ted Nielson and Dunc Waines, the school will commence the next season with more or less complete rugby equipment. Four sets of shoulder pads; three rugby balls; fifteen pairs of socks; crests; and lemons were purchased with the money collected from the school. Besides these, sixteen sweaters were purchased by the school.

In contributing to this fund the twelves and nines were of the greater assistance, nearly all the grade twelve and most of the grade nine pupils aiding. The ten’s and especially the eleven’s were not so generous; in one room but \$1.00 was given.

The equipment cost as follows:

Sweaters, \$64.00; Socks, \$22.00; Balls, \$21.00; Pads, \$12.40; Crests, \$12.00; Lemons (two teams), \$5.00; Extra Bladder, 75c; Rule Books, 70c; Total, \$137.85.

Collected from the students, \$68.10; Paid by the school (sweaters), \$64.00; Total \$132.10.

Still owing, \$5.75.

Shooting

The 1926-27 shooting season opened on November 20th, on the indoor range at Connaught School. The shooting is conducted under the able leadership of Capt. A. H. Ferguson, who has been in this respect the most prominent figure since C.C.I. was built. He devotes much of his time and energy in behalf of the interest of the boys of Calgary and especially so, when it comes to shooting. This year he is having difficulty in finding time and room for all the High School boys who wish to take up shooting.

C.C.I. in past years has always distinguished itself in rifle competitions and we hope it will continue thus for many years to come.

In the Alberta Strathcona Class "A" competition last year Central High School won both the senior and junior team matches and in addition the individual championship. In all probability two senior and two junior teams will be entered in this match for the current season.

In the shoot off for the B. S. H. rifle, open to all cadet teams in Western Canada, who took part in the Canadian Rifle League matches of 1925-26 and who qualified for a Special Certificate, a team of Calgary High School Cadets won. The majority of who came from C.C.I. The team consisted of: G. Gilbert, J. Hunter, A. Munroe, D. Kepler, B. Snyder, B. Ramsay, E. Danielson, E. Roach, B. Coon and T. Moore.

In the open range shooting, conducted on the East Calgary Rifle Range, the following boys won first and second class spoons:

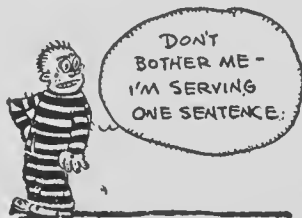
Seniors—J. Hunter, E. R. Borgal, A. Monroe, B. Ramsay, L. Gardner, E. M. Borgal, G. Walters, B. Taylor, L. Moxley, W. Bell, T. Moore, E. Danielson.

Juniors—C. Fife, W. Templeton, C. Gilhooly, R. Harris, A. McPhedran, B. Mannix, P. Harris, J. Taylor, G. Carpender, L. St. Clair, N. Moodie, J. Langston, R. Berkoff, C. Neilson, G. Comtree.

In the interscholastic shooting competition, the C.C.I. Juniors took first place and the seniors second. The junior team consisted of C. Fife, B. Mannix, W. Templeton, A. McPhedran.

For the third year in succession Jimmie Hunter won his place on the Alberta Rifle Team that visited the Championship "Meets" at Toronto and Ottawa. This is a record, as no other Cadet has been on this trip more than twice. Jimmie has been one of the best shots in the school for the four years he was here, winning many prizes and several championships. Now that he has graduated, his place will be hard to fill but we wish him every success in his career and especially in his rifle shooting.

While C.C.I. did very well in its shooting capacity, last year, it might have done better. The standard set in past years has been high. It is up to the boys of the school today to keep up this standard, and if possible, beat it, always remembering that it is the boys that make the school, and not the school that makes the boys.



Comments

LAST YEAR there was a write-up in about the tennis courts, but nothing as yet has been done about it. What is the matter? Why doesn't somebody wake up and do something about this important and pleasant recreation? Many an enjoyable afternoon and evening could be spent on the courts. It wouldn't take long to place them in good shape if a number would help. This means you! Make it your business. Don't leave it to the other fellow, Get busy.

Here's hoping we see some good results.

HOCKEY

With the rugby season over now, we are looking forward to the winter pastime between the schools. We are hoping for a big year in hockey this coming season. Previous to the past few seasons C.C.I. used to win two or three championships but lately they have been just barely winning about one championship a year. Last year enthusiasm was not awakened very much in hockey, consequently we only were able to win one championship.

The first thing is the practise. Last year, if I am not mistaken, the school held one practice and this was just before the first game. Secondly, the support given the players was an absolute crime. For example, at the final intermediate game there were about fifteen rooters out to help the boys.

With regard to this year we should try and work up more enthusiasm and go out and win two or three championships. In order to do this we will have to have more practices. Some of last year's players that are left are Harold Herron, Johnnie Souter, Jack Scott, Walter Thorne, Reg Foulds and Bill Herron. Besides these, there are a number of last year's intermediates and several others whom we do not know yet. This year the intermediates will have to defend the championship which they should do as there is plenty of material. Last, but not least, are the juniors. Considerable care should be taken in regard to the juniors as they are the foundation of the intermediate and senior hockey teams yet to come.

FRED KING.

Girls' Hockey—Looking at an old cut that was found around the school, we noticed that girls' hockey must have been a winter sport in previous years. There has been some talk amongst the girls about the forming of a girl's league between the rooms in the school. Now the proposition was put to me, but, unfortunately, I could do nothing to help them, but said I would do my best by circulating the idea in this way. A hockey league would be all very well for a pastime but there are a great number of handicaps which one must consider in the forming of this sport for girls.

First of all there is no rink for the girls to play on and they would be forced to go over to the Crystal Rink, which would cost them quite a bit of money. Secondly, basketball for the girls is run at the same time which would lead possibly to conflicts with each other. Thus, it would be a failure. For my part, although I would like to see the promotion of girls' hockey, I do not think that it would be a success.





So little has been the interest taken in boys' basketball the last few years that many of the students did not know it existed. A small boy (not Keith Monroe) was heard asking another whether the boys shot baskets the same as the girls did, or whether they desperately clung to the ball and with grim faces dove through the loop.

Such seems to be the general knowledge concerning boys' basketball. Why is this the case? Nobody knows!

What we do know is that the boys last season, under the leadership of their captain, Bev. Harris, made a noble effort to create some interest. The school team was composed of good material and came out on the top in the interscholastic games they managed to squeeze in. The interest in these games was small. The interest in the team was smaller. The school team of C.C.I.—if it may be properly called so—**was not as much as allowed to practise or play in the school assembly hall.** A fine state of affairs! It had to rely on the Y.M.C.A. to get any games or practices.

How comes this general disinterest to C.C.I.—C.C.I., who not many years ago held the interscholastic championship for the Province of Alberta.

Another basketball season is drawing near. Let's make it worth while. Undoubtedly there is just as good basketball talent among the boys of the school today, as there ever was. Why not use it? If the heads of the schools show a little more interest this year, there is no reason why C.C.I. cannot turn out a championship team. We'll all do our best.—Let's go!

EMERSON BORGAL, XIHA.

CENTRAL "GRADS"

The season 1926-27 will see a forward step being taken in basketball at C.C.I. Early in the fall a group of graduates banded themselves together under the name, "Central Grads" and will carry the Purple and Gold of their Alma Mater into the senior division of the provincial basketball league race.

The movement that found expression in the formation of the "Central Grads" really started in 1923. That season the C.C.I. basketball team won the southern division of the senior interscholastic basketball league, losing to the Calgary Normal School in the final. Some weeks after the close of that season the London "Shamrocks" came west to play the Commercial Grads of Edmonton for the Canadian championship. On the return trip they visited Calgary and played an exhibition game with a team picked from the local high schools. Of the nine players on that team five were members of C.C.I. At the close of the game it was decided that the "All-Calgary" team would not disband but would enter the provincial league the following year.

When basketball time came round again, however, it was impossible to carry out this plan as several members of the team had left the city. As a move towards starting another team the C.C.I. team entered in the provincial league in the intermediate division and were returned as champions with a record of eighteen victories out of eighteen games.

School regulations made it impossible for the team to enter the provincial league the following year, with the result that the basketball games for the next two years were restricted to interscholastic league games. During this period the Central team continued to improve and incidentally lengthened its list of consecutive victories which now stands at forty.

June, 1926, saw the graduation of all the "veterans" of Central's unbeaten team. The desire to continue playing prompted these girls to organize themselves into the "Grad" team, membership in which is restricted to former members of Central teams. Permission to use the Assembly hall for practices was kindly granted by the School Board, thus removing one of the greatest handicaps in this city to the development of players of provincial league caliber—no floor on which to practice.

The members of the Grad team are: Marguerite Cooper, Alice Allen, Madeline Piette, Ruth Bingham, Helen Woodside, Elsie Newcombe and Muriel Thorn.

Marguerite Cooper played guard and captained the Central team of 1922-23. The next three years she played on the University of Alberta team. Last year she acted as playing manager of the U. of A. team that won the Western Inter-collegiate championship. She will play guard on the Grad team.

Alice Allen, forward, has played for the last four years on Central teams. Alice made the senior team in her freshman year and has been the Central captain for the last three years, during which time three championships were won by C.C.I.

Madeline Piette, forward, started her high school basketball career as a guard on the Central junior team that won the championship in 1923. The following year she moved up to the senior team and changed to the forward line, which position she held for three years.

Ruth Bingham, guard, was also a member of the champion juniors of 1923, playing centre on that team. In '24 she made the jump to senior ranks, at the same time changing her position to guard. She played guard during '25 and '26 and will be seen in that position with the Grads.

Helen Woodside, guard, first played high school basketball on the C.C.I. junior team of '24 champions with Normal. The same year she acted as a sub on the senior defence. In '25 Helen did not play but came back as guard on the senior team of '26.

Elsie Newcombe, centre, made the C.C.I. senior team in her freshman year and held that position for two years. Last year she played with the Canucks but on the formation of the Grads returned to the Centrals and will play in her old position at centre.

Muriel Thorn started high school basketball as a freshman, playing forward and captaining the junior team of '24. "Tommy" also played sub forward on the senior team that year. The next season she made the senior team, playing side centre which position she filled during '25 and '26. This season finds her back on the forward line.

School Team

To rate teams on their pre-season practice form is usually nothing better than a guess, but judging from the form that the basketball candidates have shown to date, C.C.I. should be able to field a team that will certainly make the others know they have been in a battle.

This year Central must face the task of building a new team. Gone is the famous machine that carried the purple of Central to three championships with forty straight victories. Of their number only Ruth Bingham and Eva Brown remain in school and as the appearance of Ruth on the "Grad" team will disqualify her from Interscholastic games, Eva is the only "first" player that will

be available. C.C.I.'s hopes of repeating rest mainly with the players of last year's "second" team of whom Helen Mercer, Jean Wallinger, Nedra MacAllister, Gladys Ross and Norma Bell have reported for practice.

Although the final choice of the "first" team will not be made till after the holidays, it is probable that most of the above players will find positions on it. Eva Brown will probably be back at centre and Helen Mercer, the flashy side centre of the junior teams for the past two seasons, looks due to make the jump to senior company. Cf the forward candidates Jean Wallinger, captain of the junior team of '26, and Norma Bell look promising with Nedra MacAllister close behind in case either slip. The defence is uncertain, although Gladys Ross, centre of the '26 juniors will probably be located here. Violet Silverthorne, as sub on last year's junior defence, and Helen James, as well as a host of freshmen, are also out for the guard positions.

The junior team will come mostly from the freshman class and will be strengthened by any of the above named players who fail to make the first team. The number of first year students turning out this year to practices is an indication that the popularity of basketball is increasing and that in future years C.C.I. will not lack trained hoopers.

A league has been formed this year in the nines so as to give all players a chance.

BASEBALL

Boys' Baseball.—Last year a few of the schools combined to play some games which were a fairly good success. I think it would be a good idea to form a league between the schools. There is ample material around the school so it would not be very hard to produce a team.

If we want to form a league it will be necessary to start early as soon as the snow goes off the ground. What do you say about it fellows? Let's get together and work for the interest of Baseball.



Literary

WORDS OF ADVICE BY THE STAFF

SET your mind toward the thing you would accomplish so resolutely, so definitely, and with such vigorous determination, and put so much grit into your resolution, that nothing on earth can turn you from your purpose until you attain it.

F. W. WOODMAN.

"To be a man! to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live."

J. ELLIOTT.

"Studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundan resornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium prae bent delectant domi non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum et peregrinantur."

Studies nourish youth, are a recreation to old age, enhance prosperity, are a refuge and solace in adversity, a delight at home, no impediment abroad, pass the nights with us and walk abroad with us.

(Cicero *Or pro Archia* 7)

H. G. MENZIES.

To the persevering mortal the blessed Immortals are swift. . . .

(Zoroaster)

G. M. DUNLOP.

"A strong will, a settled purpose, an invincible determination can accomplish almost anything."

G. J. McADAM.

"Nyd byd byd heb wybodaeth."

The world is no world without knowledge.

W. JONES.

"Good poetry does undoubtedly tend to form the soul and character; it tends to beget a love of beauty and of truth in alliance together, it suggests however indirectly, high and noble principles of action, and it inspires the emotion so helpful in making principles operative. Hence its extreme importance to all of us"

(Matthew Arnold.)

D. S. FIELD,

"Good words shall gain you honor in the market-place; but good deeds shall gain you friends among men."

(Lao-T(u).)

MARGRET B. MOORE.

Facts and formulae are the tools, but education is acquired by overcoming difficulties.

E. B. ASSELSTINE.

"If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others would be very harmless."

(La Rouche foucauld)

R. B. FORSYTH.



Miss L. Kaulback, B.A.



Mr. G. M. Adam, M.A.



Mr. J. W. Churchill, B.A.



Miss D. L. Field, B.A.



Mr. F. L. Woodman, M.A.

Mr. J. M. Hutchison
Principal

Mr. J. M. Smith



Mr. W. W. Scott, M.A.

Staff
CENTRAL COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE
1926



Mr. G. M. Dunlop



Mr. R. B. Forsyth



Mr. W. Jones, B.A.



Mr. E. B. Asselstine, M.A.



Mr. H. G. Menzies, M.A.



Miss J. Elliott, B.A.



Mr. G. Robinson



Mr. T. F. Beresford, B.A.



Miss M. Moore, M.A.

*Photos by
Kamroy*

It is of the gravest consequence what you say, what you do, what you are. You represent a family, a school, a city, a country. Your imperfections are theirs; they share the honor you win. To have an ideal, and be true to it—that is real manhood, real womanhood; to give devoted service to your friends and institutions, loyalty, patriotism.

L. KAULBACH.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. (*Emerson*).

J. W. CHURCHILL.

Abeunt studia in moves—Studies pass into character.

Cultivate independence of thought and thoroughness in your work.

From this point of view, success in examinations is not the final test but rather the beginning of life's education.

G. ROBINSON.

"Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble."—(*Denham*)

T. F. BERESFORD.

Motto for the teacher:

"Know thy work and do it."

Motto for the student:

"Do thy work and know it."

H. E. SMITH.

The Future is much as you make it,
So choose what you'd like it to be.
Then exert every effort that's in you
To make it a reality.

W. W. SCOTT.

It costs the City of Calgary approximately one hundred and fifty dollars to maintain a pupil in this school for one year. In the case of the student who attends regularly, works diligently and takes an active part in the school life this is the finest investment a city can make. In the case of the student who, through indolence and irregularity of attendance fails to profit by the opportunities afforded him, it is a very bad investment, if not a dead loss. Which are you, from the point of view of the Calgary School Board—a good or a bad investment?

J. M. HUTCHINSON.



Prize Winning Short Stories

WANTED — A TOUCHDOWN!

By BOB BERKOFF, XA

It was half-past seven on Monday morning, and John Smith was peacefully snoring, when all of a sudden, "Ding-a-ling-a-ling." John awoke with a start, and began to cuss fluently at the alarm clock. (As there may be feminine readers present, I will not repeat his words.) After turning off the alarm, John turned over, and tried to go to sleep again. This time he was awakened, not by the clock, but by his mother's voice calling from downstairs.

"John!!! Come down to breakfast this instant," she shrieked, "or I'll come up with a nice full cup of cold water."

John hurriedly jumped out of bed and began to dress. He knew what his mother meant to do with that cup of cold water, and had no desire to have his pyjamas soaked. He managed to get dressed and finish breakfast by eight-twenty, when he suddenly remembered that he had three deductions to write out for Mr. Churchill. It also dawned upon him that the Intermediate Rugby Final was to be decided that night between C.C.I. and S.C.C.I., and since he was playing right wing on the team, that he would get out at 3:00. He therefore could take no chances of being detained that day, above all others. He hurried out of the house, intent upon getting his homework from one of his friends.

On his way to school, John met one of his friends whom he greeted joyously: "Hello Dan," he said, "got your Geometry done?"

The other raised his head and said, "Yes, but I don't think it's right."

Smith was jubilant. "Thanks, Dan, I think that it will pass Mr. Churchill though. Let's have it."

The two boys hurried to school where John finished his homework, much to his satisfaction. It seemed an eternity before 3:00 came, but John came through with flying colors, that is to say, minus a detention. True, he was cautioned by Miss Field, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Jones, about not preparing his work better, but as long as he did not have a detention—what was the use of worrying?

As soon as John heard the bell, he gathered up his uniform and beat it. Outside, he met the rest of the team and they all took a street car to Hillhurst Park. Arriving at their destination, the boys jumped off the car and ran into the dressing-room to get dressed. There the captain read out the line-up, and John was put in as line-half instead of right wing. This was a promotion, as he could distinguish himself better in that position than in his former position. There was also the thought that Eva, a pretty young co-ed, to whom John was very much attached, would be present at the game. He resolved to play his hardest to win the favor of Eva, and to give his rival, Bill Jones, a half-back on the South Calgary team, a beating. He thought that if he could put himself into the limelight by scoring a touchdown, or by saving one, that Eva would accompany him to the Kappa, Kappa, Iota dance on November 21st.

With this idea in mind, John took his run around the field with the other players. The squad then formed up and went through their signals. John, playing line-half, seemed to be at the top of his form, as he was catching punts and passes today that he had never thought of catching before. This, he figured was a good omen, and he redoubled his efforts to do his best.

Student supporters were already arriving, when the team went into the dressing room to receive final instructions before entering into the big game.

"And remember, boys," the coach was saying, "keep your heads, whatever you do. And you Drofe," he went on, addressing the quarter, mix your plays. If they catch on to your signals, use your silent system." With these parting instructions, the coach bade them good luck, and they went on the field.

A great cheer went up from the C.C.I. supporters when the team went on the field. The stands rocked with the "Locomotive Yell," and John felt even more encouraged to do his best for his Alma Mater. Glancing to the sidelines, he saw Eva, and as their eyes met, she waved to him.

The two teams lined up and the captains went forward to toss up for the kick. South Calgary won the toss, and decided to kick-off. "Twee-ee-t" went the referee's whistle, and the game was on. South Calgary kicked to Walters, the C.C.I. half, and downed him on his 30 yard line. Then with a series of bucks Central managed to gain 20 yards, but were stopped at their 50 yard line. They kicked and the South Calgary runner was stopped at his 40 yard line. South Calgary lost possession of the ball and C.C.I. strove hard to make a touch, which seemed almost within grasp. Smith got away for a run, but was called back for being off-side. Disregarding that however, he ran up, when the ball was kicked, and downed the South Calgary half on his 10 yard line. C.C.I. braced themselves to hold South Calgary back, but the latter's half-backs uncovered several good plays which brought the ball into Central's territory.

As the ball was being steadily brought closer to the Central touch-line, the team went to pieces, so to speak. Their defense was wobbly, and they failed to stop several bucks. Central was saved by the half-time whistle, when the ball was on her 9 yard line. In the dressing room, the coach rubbed it in.

"And you call yourselves football players," he stormed, "why, anybody who can't beat that bunch of untrained saps from, South Calgary, is not fit to be called a center on a kindergarten team. Come on! Show some life! Remember boys, you're fighting for Central, and Central is depending on you to bring home the silverware! Snap into it, and hurry up!"

The team, renovated and inspired by their coach's talk, went out on the field, determined to do or die. They started out by a tremendous kick by Walters, which put the ball on South Calgary's 25 yard line. Cheered by their success, C.C.I. proceeded to hold South Calgary back in their own territory. The game see-sawed back and forth, until a South Calgary man fell on a fumbled ball on Central's 10 yard line. A double buck gained 4 yards, but on the next play the ball was fumbled. John, seeing his chance grabbed the ball, but instead of falling on it, made a dash for the South Calgary goal posts, and planted the ball between the poles. The C.C.I. cheering section went wild. Sysler, missed the convert, but the Centrals, inspired by their five point lead, kept this lead until the final whistle blew. The cheers of the Centralites filled the Park as they realized that their team had won the championship cup.

John Smith walked home with Eva that night.

"Oh, John," she murmured, I never expected it of you. Oh! but I'm happy that you made good."

John's heart was pounding away at a furious rate. As he turned to glance at Eva, he tripped over a stick and fell heavily to the ground.

* * * * *

The shock made him wake up. Imagine his surprise when he found himself seated on the floor of his bedroom, with his covers all around him.

"Ah!" said John, "Such is life; as soon as I made a touchdown, I had to wake up!"

From below, he heard his mother's voice calling for him to get up.

Again John sighed, and proceeded to dress.

Senior Class— **Graduating** —1926-27



GRADE XIIA



GRADE XIIIB

GRADE XIIA

W. Ludlow, W. Taylor, S. Johnson, R. Gardner, J. Higgins, F. Cooper, A. Abell, H. Wilkis, D. Waines, J. Taylor, G. Waterman, J. Souter, P. Lang, F. King, E. Borgal, M. McNeil, B. Staples, H. Carr, M. Irvine, J. Marcy, H. McKenzie, I. Cooper, E. Waines, C. Bramsness, M. Sherring, L. Ritchie, J. Rutherford, M. Reid, B. Anderson, B. McLaren, G. Bramsness, M. McAsh, D. H. Sorenson, D. Dingman, J. Inglis, R. Foulds, R. Bingham, M. McNaul, B. Clark, H. Brown, D. Begg, I. Becker, F. Allen.

GRADE XIIB

Ted Neilson, K. Mitchell, J. Ford, W. Bell, I. McRae, H. Mercer, D. Kepler, W. Stillwell, *N. Ninon, S. Kerby, P. Lewis, C. Gilhooly, B. Winters, J. Wallinger, L. Bibby, W. Lee, A. Eliason, Z. Oliver, Hoot Gibson, G. Biswanger, M. Hall, H. Roberts, F. Webster, D. McIvor, J. Bird, M. Graves, M. Sutherland, Vi Silverthorn, M. Greer, H. James.

*—N.B.: These students were absent.



THAT CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

The biting wind of mid-winter, boisterous and blustering, from its long march across the prairies, swept around the great buildings of the business section of the city, striking roses to the cheeks and pinching noses a merry red. Yet the people, hurrying along loaded with parcels, and vainly trying to hold coat-collars to cheeks and ears, seemed oblivious of the cold. Eyes twinkled, and hearty good-will spoke from smiles and greetings for, of course, this was Christmas Eve, the one time in all the year, when people seem to forget themselves in thoughts of others. Thus, many were the nods and smiles bestowed on the little paper boy who, with his continual cries of:

"Pa———per!———Paper, sir? ———Paper, sir?"
added his own energetic voice to the general tumult.

He was such a little boy seeming hardly big enough to have to take his part in the world's work. Yet his own hardships didn't occupy a very large portion of his thoughts which at the moment were busily employed in how to get rid of his papers quickly. His buyers had been very generous that night, and already the one quite dependable pocket his attire boasted, was pleasantly heavy, giving a merry light to his roguish blue eyes, and an irresistible quirk to his quick smile.

Finishing off his papers, he turned his tingling feet for home, his hands in his pockets lovingly grasping the little horde of coins, the silvery chink, which he made every now and then, sending a shiver of perfect pleasure through his small sturdy form.

To the gay lighted windows on either side, his eyes of course strayed, not with wistful longing glances, however, but with a calm air of confidence. Yet the sight of a baby-doll, its arms outstretched appealingly brought the thought of his tiny sister Mary, and his hands regretfully clenched on the coins; but a smile of assurance covered the indecision on his face as, turning from the window he continued his homeward way. He had a very wonderful secret, the knowledge of which had carried him over some very trying times, when the other fellows were talking about what they wanted, what they were going to receive, or what to give away.

And now his hastening feet carried him to a portion of the town not so well lit up. A place in which the rambling broken-down houses, surrounded by leafless trees and shrubbery, the waste stretches between the houses covered thick with snow, and the fitful winking of the one arclight at the corner, all lent an air of despair, which however was incapable of entering the child's heart.

Away from the street, he ran down the walk, fumbled at the knob of the door in his eagerness, then flung the door wide, and entered the little home with a rush and flurry of wind and snow.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, to the middle-aged woman sitting sewing close to the coal heater, which gave out a comforting warmth to the little living-room.

"Hush, laddie," said the mother, "not so loudly. Mary is asleep and we mustn't waken her. Did you do well tonight?"

"Well, Mother! Only just look here!"

And with a flourish he turned out his pockets on to a red baize-covered table, Nickels, dimes and quarters, rolled here and there with a merry jingle.

"Ha!" cried the boy, laughing excitedly. "Just see them all! Just look!"

"Yes dear, you have taken quite a lot tonight. Oh! No one could wish for a better laddie in all the world, than my own little man! But hurry dear, take off your boots and slip on your old slippers, and then come out to the kitchen. I'll get you something hot in a minute." And she hurried out to the kitchen leaving her son to change his boots.

Then, "Mother."

"Yes, dear."

"Mother, I have been a good boy, haven't I?"

"Why, yes, dear, what's the matter?"

"Well, mother, I'll tell you a secret. Promise you won't tell?"

"Alright, Bobby, what is it?"

"Well—ah—ah—Mother, you won't tell the other kids, will you?"

"No, Bobby. Go on."

"Well, I've written to Santa Claus for Mary and me. He knows where we live now, and so he's coming tonight. And he's bringing me an engine, and trains, and tracks, and a sleigh; and Mary a doll, and a——"

"Bobby! What did you do that for?"

"Well, I've been a good boy; and teacher says that Santa Claus—only she calls him 'Merry old St. Nicholas'—comes to all good boys and girls. And you know I've been good."

"My poor boy—You mustn't expect him to come tonight—Perhaps next year—At any rate, not the sleigh and the trains, dear, because you know there are so many little boys and girls. So you mustn't mind if he doesn't bring you all that."

"But, Mother, I've told him all about Mary and me, and what we want, and—and—" Tears welled up in the blue eyes, and lips trembled, while the hot cocoa that he had been drinking was pushed away.

"Oh, sonny, sonny, don't cry, dear. Come, there's my little man,—wipe your eyes and off to bed—I know Santa will bring you something." And she bent down to receive a rather watery kiss from the still quivering lips.

"Good night and God bless you, Bobby."

As soon as she was left alone, the mother bent her head despairingly in her arms, and for a second nothing was heard save the steady ticking of the clock. At last, the silence was broken by the crunch of heavy feet on the soft snow, and the door opened to admit a tall strongly-built man, his pleasant face glowing from his walk and the frosty air. In his arms he carried a large parcel from the top of which stuck two black feet, proclaiming to the world its contents. But seeing the attitude of his wife, he quickly set the turkey down and crossed over to her.

"Why, Mary—What in the world's the matter?—and on Christmas Eve too! Come, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Oh, Jim—Bobby has written a letter to Santa Claus, and he thinks that Santa is going to leave him a sleigh and a train tonight, with a doll for Mary. I didn't—I couldn't tell him, Jim—He has been such a good boy, only look there" pointing to the silver on the table. "Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do."

A frown settled on the man's face. "Poor little fellow," he muttered. "If only I hadn't broken my leg this fall, Mary, I wouldn't have lost that accursed job. But what's the use of talking. Oh!—I can't stand the thought of his face when he wakes up to find nothing!—But he must have something—Mary—He shall have something!" And pulling up his coat-collar, he put on his cap, to go out into the driving snow.

But his actions were arrested by three quick knocks on the door. Opening it, he was confronted by a man in a thick fur coat, loaded with bulky parcels, followed by a second man, also bearing parcels.

"Pardon, me," said the newcomer, "but could we come in?"

"Certainly, by all means, come in."

And the two men entered, placing the parcels on the table.

"Now," said the spokesman, his eyes twinkling, "I must explain this intrusion. You, I know, are Mr. Hill, and I," presenting his card, "am Mr. Ashford, the lawyer, and, as you probably know, a bachelor. Stay," he said, holding up his hand, when the other would have spoken, "I am determined to tell my story, and you must listen."

"Well," he went on, "you must know, that a week ago, while driving to work in my car, I happened to see a little boy, on tiptoe, trying to put a letter into the mail-box, and who, when he had done so, ran away down the street. But the letter hadn't fallen into the letter-box, for a minute later I saw it flutter to the ground. I stopped the car, and walked over to put it in safely, when, in handling it, I saw, to my surprise that it was addressed to "Santa Claus."

"Now," with an amused glance at his listeners, "I guess I've as much right to play Santa Claus as anyone around here, so I opened the letter. In it Bobby told Santa Claus how his father had broken a leg last fall, how to get money, he, Bobby, had sold papers, and how he'd tried very hard to be a good boy, and wound up by asking for a few presents for himself, and, I think, for his baby sister."

"Now, something in that simple, blot-stained letter, seemed to strike my heart, so I made a few inquiries, and laid my plans accordingly—hence these packages. I hope you understand that this isn't charity, but just a deep desire to bring happiness to a little boy, whose simple manliness must be rewarded."

The father stood silent, and tears trickled down the mother's cheeks as she moved towards the lawyer, hand outstretched to be enfolded in his hearty grip.

"Now that's settled," he said with a breath of relief. "Hurry Jenkins, bring in the tree and decorations."

Many hands made light work, and soon the little rooms were transformed with wreaths and bells, tinsel and holly; while the tall tree, plentifully besprinkled with silver snow and tinsel decked with toys and presents, conspicuous among which were a sleigh, an engine with cars and tracks, and a beautiful doll gracefully reposing in a cradle, was a sight that would bring joy to the heart of any child.

Standing there, viewing their work with satisfied eyes, the mother suddenly bethought herself of her son, whom she had not yet tucked in, and so all three crept stealthily up the stairs to his room. There he lay in bed, flushed cheek resting on his curved arm, his eye-lashes still a little wet with tears, but a contented smile curving the rosy lips.

Santa Claus had come in real earnest.

MURIEL SHERRING.

CALGARY'S FIRST GRADE XII.

By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE—One of its Members

All this happened twenty-three years ago: the establishment of the first Calgary High School and the first grade XII class. 'Tis true that High School classes had been conducted for several years in the old Central School, but it was not until September, 1903, that this "higher education" entered into the importance and dignity of a building all its own.

As my memory goes back, I cannot claim even in the "mellowest" light of reminiscence that this first "hall of learning" was impressive. It looked just like hundreds of country schools of the west today, plain almost to ugliness, a bare gable roof and a few windows and doors. It wasn't even new. It had been moved to its location, behind the present City Hall, on what today is 7th Ave. East.

It had two rooms and two teachers—the principal, H. A. Sinnot, who came that very year from New Brunswick to teach mathematics, history, and science and Miss Jean McPhail, who had supplied some months of the previous year in the old Central School, where those trying for their "second" and "third" class certificates filled two rooms. She taught composition, languages and literature.

There were nine of us in this first grade XII class. Nor can I give the thriving town of Calgary of that day the credit of supplying that class. In fact only two, Elsie and Irene Cook were native-born and native-schooled. There were four from Ontario, their families having just emigrated, while the remaining three were from small towns around.

On enquiry I find that all the members of this class are living today, five in Calgary, these being Mrs. C. A. Richardson (Eileen Eyres), Mrs. A. C. Fraser (Mabel McLean), Elsie Cook, Joseph Shaw, M.L.A., and myself. The others in the class were Minnie Grant, who is now married and living in Montreal, Joan Christie, now Mrs. Frank Wonnacott of de Winton, Irene Cook, now Mrs. Harry Finch, of Windsor, Ont., and Harry Eyres, B.Sc., now of Chicago.

"Joe" Shaw, Mrs. Richardson and Elsie Cook made this grade in four, five and six months respectively, having had Normal training and having been teaching a year or so, while Mrs. Fraser, who also had Normal training, supplied two months of her year, on the Calgary Public School staff. Harry Eyre, who was only sixteen years old when he graduated made it in five months. The age-old aversion of woman for disclosing her age, restrains me from giving the ages of the girls of that class, but all were from sixteen to nineteen—while the average age was seventeen and one-half years.

The work of the grade was heavy, especially the mathematical course. We who had been brought up in the west had never had the advantage of language teachers, other than English, and could not therefore have the option of substituting French for Algebra or Latin for Physical Science. Previously if any student wished to try for a junior or senior matriculation he had to have outside tuition in French and Latin. For the first time Calgary had High School teachers who taught Latin and French.

Even yet I recall the struggle with this higher Algebra, for now we had the "whole book." Everywhere we sought "first aid" on the "binomial theorem" or "permutations and combinations," while our pioneer parents worried with us, as helpless as we, before the intricacies of a , b , c and the " n th" degree. Hopefully we turned to the university graduates of the East—but even R. B. Bennett failed us in the binomial theorem. I finally discovered a civil engineer who coached me very thoroughly and sent me forth to victory on the examination papers. But alas, like the savants from the "east" in those days, the binomial theorem has passed completely out of my life.

The six books of Euclid with their attendant "propositions" was another source of worry. Here again I remember the long struggle with my old friends A , B and C and after all these years, from "this angle of observation" I retain only a vague memory of angles, triangles and parallel lines.

Trigonometry (I never was familiar enough with it to call it "trig") proved more interesting and I have a grateful feeling yet when I recall the feeling of relief, when I found this final examination "easy."

There was no equipment for experiments in Physical Science and we were in the "Book II" stage. Now I know I didn't even understand the bare third I must have had to "pass."

The Literature was both delightfully and thoroughly taught by Miss Jean McPhail, who for many succeeding years was a member of the Calgary High School staff. Never has the city had a more efficient or conscientious teacher than she. Our course included two of Shakespeare's plays, "Julius Caesar" and "The Tempest"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam," "Locksley Hall" and the "Palace of Art"; Milton's "Il Penseroso," "Lycidas," and "Comus"; Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," "Rugby Chapel," "The Youth of Nature"; Hawthorne's "Marble Faun"; and a supplementary reading course of Thackeray's "Pendennis," De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe," Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and Thomas Macaulay's "Life and Writings of Addison."

Composition and rhetoric was laid down for us in Gummere's "Hand Book of Poetics," Canung's "Rhetoric" and Lounsbury's "History of the English Language." We had three text books in history. These were Bourinot's "How Canada is Covered" and "Industrial History of England" and the "History of the British Constitution." It was in this subject that Joseph Shaw, now M.L.A., showed his natural bent for politics. At last has come my opportunity to air my ancient grudge against him. He would intrigue our teacher into long political arguments—while the rest of the class drifted into inattention. I remember, too, on our final examination we were asked to explain the statement, "The King can do no wrong." So in a measure, twenty-three years ago, we were prepared for the constitutional question, which was so live a question in the recent Dominion elections.

There were no school sports or dances, beyond a feeble attempt at basket ball. Of course we of the West learned to dance in our very earliest years and most of us had absorbed a great knowledge of the old square dances—"Lady 'round lady and gent round gent, right hand to partner and grand right and left."

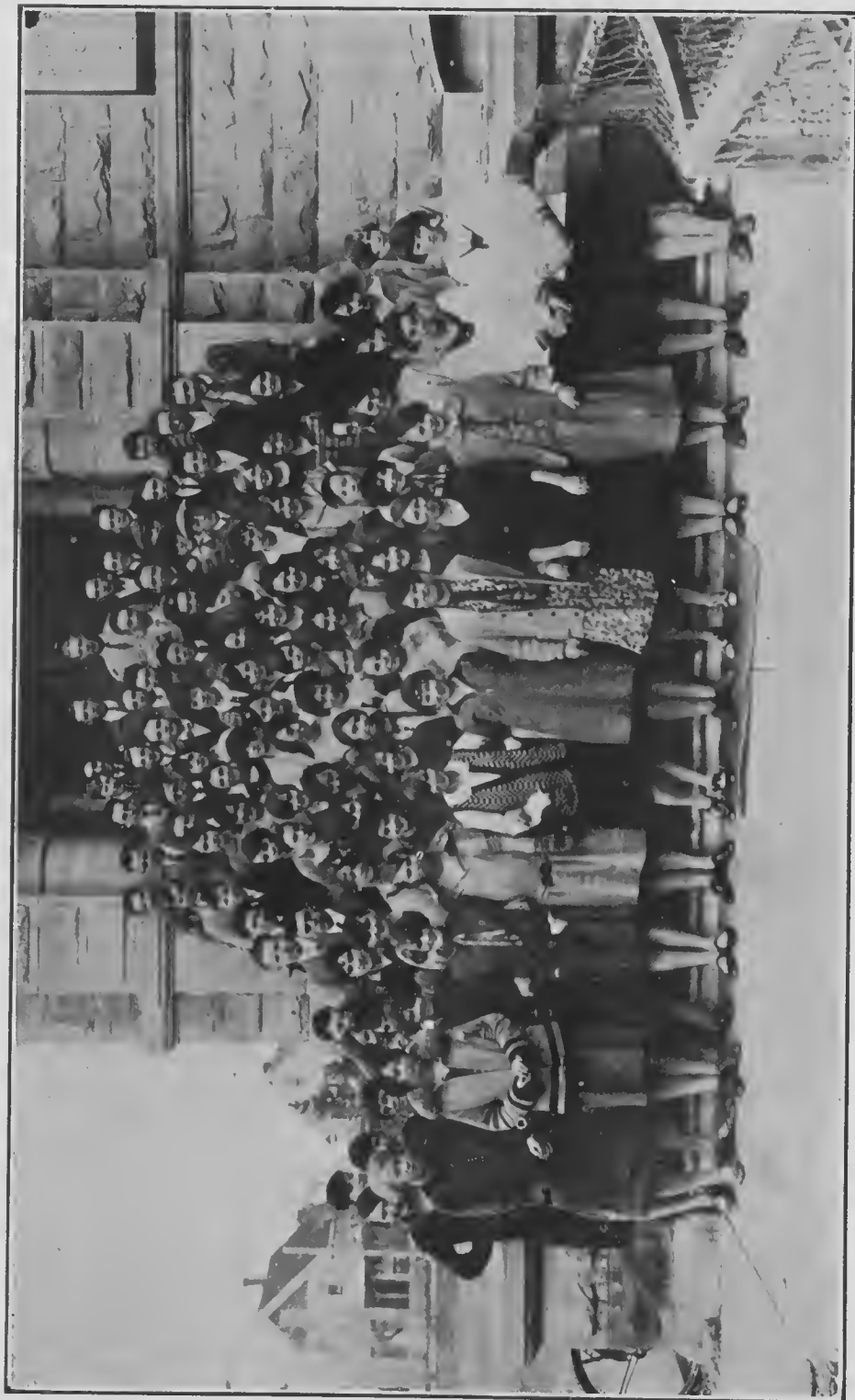
The nearest we ever got to a school social affair was a school concert when our special part was a patriotic tableau. England, Ireland and Scotland (I was Scotland) were grouped about Canada. We were all dressed in white cheese-cloth dresses, made in "Mother Hubbard" style, with a red sash and roses for England, a green one and paper shamrocks for Ireland, a plaid sash and thistle for Scotland, while Canada had paper maple leaves. In the background were the other colonies. As the curtain went up, some one lit some red powder, while admiring parents and children clapped enthusiastically.

We wore our hair in a "pompadour" and to my dying day I will deplore the fact that boyish bobs were not in style in my teen days. We divided our long hair from left to right in two equal parts, drawing the front half over a "rat." A bit of a twist in this process made a "dip" over the left eye, providing there was no "cowlick." Then the back part either hung down in a long braid, or curls, or was twisted in a figure "8". Across the middle of this was pinned a neat tailored bow of black velvet ribbon, held in place with a long black headed pin.

Of course there were no street cars or automobiles those days, so we trudged back and forth, carrying our heavy bags of books.

Although we were only required to make 33 1-3% on each subject and 50% on the whole in our final examinations, yet, considering the fact that we only had two teachers, that we were handicapped by lack of equipment, the odds were against us.

Yet all but one passed. The name of that unfortunate I will not hand on, for after all it would be "telling tales out of school."



GRADES XIA—XIB—XIC.

GRADE XIA

*J. Gillis, *R. Bray, *B. Carscallan, Q. Evans, J. Searmouth, *D. Deslandes, *S. Hayden, *J. Templeton, G. Tappin, P. McCamon, G. Drysdale, D. Bennet, H. Robbins, B. Cole, L. Kelly, D. Ford, T. Kay, E. Blow, *D. Wells, C. Jamieson, J. Lane, L. McAlpine, J. Mackenzie, C. Park, *C. Fife, J. Williams, B. Buckely, J. Calder, D. Freeze, D. Cormer, R. Monilaws, H. Howard, Eileen Tie, M. Jamison, K. Loftsgarden, A. Buckley, K. White, J. Cameron, V. Kesnick, Black, R. Campbell.

GRADE XIB

*W. Hillocks, W. Gross, E. Smith, G. Tighe, M. McDermid, I. McKee, B. Venini, *E. Herring, K. Monroe, R. Harris, P. Harris, J. Langston, M. Peck, H. Grewett, L. Gardner, L. Tupper, A. Cronkhite, W. Carson, A. Hamilton, J. Twidale, M. Ingham, B. Grant, S. Campbell, A. Keith, M. H. Kells, F. Gourley, G. Doherty, W. Davidson, J. Godeland, B. Epstein, M. Aikenhead, L. Begg, F. Pallesen, J. Abbis, B. Churgin, P. Dickieson, C. Busch, G. Buchanan, J. Chaikin, A. Liver, L. Harris, J. McKenzie.

GRADE XIC

*F. Fox, D. Small, A. King, A. Anderson, R. Walsh, E. Seville, G. Ross, H. Eddy, P. Rabidou, E. Stewart, F. Hamlin, *F. McTavish, P. Steele, N. Brielsman, L. Wallace, O. Crane, G. Dunlop, I. Williams, A. Bergquist, M. Leak, *P. Parker, T. Niven, B. Mannix, C. Walsh, *S. Topley, *J. Ray, M. Butler, V. Potts, C. Robe, *G. Barker, J. Martin, J. Murray, G. Lewis, A. Stiernotte, A. Moore, A. Aitken, C. Crane, R. Westaway, W. Duck, *G. Dann, *T. Baker, *M. Freeman.

*—N.B.: These students were absent.



PRIZE WINNERS IN "ANALECTA'S" COMPETITIONS

COVER DESIGN—Eva Brown, XD.

SHORT STORY

First—"Wanted—a Touchdown."—Robert Berkoff, XA.
 Second—"That Christmas Spirit."—Muriel Sherring, XIA.
 Third—
 "A Boy of Yesterday."—Zella Oliver, XIA.
 "Puppy Love."—Freda Allen, XIA.

POEM

Serious—
 First—"C.C.I." by Patricia Parker.
 Humorous—
 First—"Our XII B" by Josephine Bird.
 Second—"Homework" by Dorothy Bennett.



"An interesting subject
 taken up at C.C.I."



Helen Sorenson

Arthur Cragg

Dorothy Hawley

Scholarships

Dorothy Hawley.—The foundations of Dorothy Hawley's education were laid in the schools of Winnipeg and Moose Jaw. She began her brilliant career at C.C.I. in 1925 in XIIB.

It did not take Dorothy long to establish her name as a student among us. During her one year at Central she won two scholarships, namely the Pat Burns, for the highest marks obtained in Grade XII in the city and one offered by the Woman's University Club for the highest average in certain subjects. She could however, only accept one of these and chose the former. Dorothy is this year one of the students who are representing C.C.I. at the Normal school.

Arthur Cragg.—Arthur Cragg has the honor of being a real Calgary boy. With the exception of a few years spent in the States, he has been educated in local schools, all his high school days being spent in Central. His reputation as a student was established early; while in Grade 8 he won a scholarship and the Governor General's medal for the highest by a Calgary boy. During his years in C.C.I. he practically always headed his class and grade. Last year he completed his record by winning the Bennett scholarship for boys in Grade XI. Nor has the school been his only interest for among other things he is well known to the boys as an energetic C.S.E.T. worker.

Helen Sorenson—Helen has always belonged to the West for she was born out here, among the yellow waving wheat of sunny Alberta. All her high school days have been spent at good old C.C.I., as predicted in our 1926 Summer *Analecta*. A goodly record hers, and yet more good in store." and she has made this prophecy come true for she won the McKillop scholarship. This is a prize awarded to the Grade XI student having the highest number of marks in the June examinations in C.C.I. Our sincere hope is that Helen may make good use of her rare talent in the years that are ahead of her in life.

OTHER CONGRATULATIONS

Tom Baker.— In an essay competition on "The Friendship of Great Britain, Canada and the United States and How to Maintain It" a boy of our school Tom Baker, obtained second place. This competition was sponsored by the Hon. James W. Cerard, U.S. ambassador to Germany before the war. It was run in conjunction with the Montreal *Daily Star* and was open to all those in

Canada under eighteen years of age. Needless to say essays were received from hundreds of competitors in every province of the Dominion.

Patricia Parker—Won first prize in an essay competition on "Why not Drink Beer and Wine?" awarded by the W.C.T.U. and also first prize in an essay competition on "What Confederation Meant to Canada" awarded by the Canadian Club.

Betty Buckley—Won second prize in an essay competition on "Why Not Drink Beer and Wine."

Myrtle Myers.—Won first prize in an essay competition on "Canada's Part in the Great War," awarded by the G.W.V.A.

Lyman Matthews.—Won second prize in an essay competition on "Canada's Part in the Great War."

HONORABLE MENTION

We wish to thank the following, for their help:

Dr. J. M. Hutchinson, Mr. R. B. Forsyth, Mr. T. F. Beresford, Ruth Bingham, Clayton Crane, Muriel Sherring, Beth Carscallen, Barbara McLaren, Marjory McAsh, Betty Waines, Dorothy Ford, Patricia Parker, Duncan Waines, Bill Taylor, Jack Taylor, Jack Higgins, Freda Allen, Mr. G. Robinson, J. Bird, Zella Oliver, Helen James, Keith Mitchell, Pat Lang.

C.C.I. DECALOGUE

I—Thou shalt do no other homework before history.

II—Thou shalt not draw pictures while the teacher is looking.

III Thou shalt not complain at the amount of thy homework.

IV Remember homework to do it all. Seven days shalt thou labor at it and on the eighth day begin over again.

V Thou shalt respect thy teachers and be friendly towards them.

VI Thou shalt not skip detentions.

VII Thou shalt not chew gum in school.

VIII Thou shalt not talk to thy neighbors.

IX Thou shalt not borrow thy neighbor's ink.

X Thou shalt not copy thy neighbor's history, nor his geography, nor his latin, nor his chemistry, nor his literature.

K. W., XIA.

One day, not long since, a high school student was out walking. During the day, a rainstorm came on. In order to keep dry, he crawled into a hollow log. When the rain began to fall the log began to swell, until he could get neither way. He thought his end had come. He thought of all the wrongs he had done, and when he recalled that he had not sent in a subscription to the *Analecta* this year, he felt so small that he crawled right out of the log, without difficulty.

XIIA

The following Grade XIIA pupils of last year have left C.C.I. to attend the Normal school and make themselves famous as school teachers: Merle McKay, Genevieve Harper, Helen King, Evelyn Johnston, Katherine Kennedy, Wilne Grainger, Marion Smith, Helen Smith, Doris Field, Alta Manson, Winston Cooper, Frank Kennedy, Everett Borgal, Leonrad Graves and John Collins.

Daisy Mamini—Attending Garbutt's Business College.

Kay Watkins—Attending Garbutt's Business College.

Jean Crerar—Attending Commercial High School.

Madeline Piette—Working at McDermid's Photo Laboratory.

Helen Matthews—Attending University of British Columbia, Vancouver.

Donlina McIvor—Attending C.C.I.

Clayton Thompson—Working at Northern Electric.

Stanley Cooper—Attending University of Alberta, Edmonton.

Irvine Frew—Playing professional hockey for Calgary Tigers.

Tom Moore and Stuart Murdock—Attending Technical School.

Jim Hunter—Working at C.P.R. Natural Resources.

Les. Ashton—Going to Garbutt's.

Bob Standish—Working on Dad's farm until old enough to go to Normal.

Mabel Harris—Working in Post Office at Blackie, Alberta.

XIIB

Attending Normal—Reno Anderson, Mary Bradley, Alice Colicutt, Emily Cragg, Dorothy Hawley, Margaret James, Marguerite Kenny, Mary Evans, Margaret Moodie, Della Scott, Kate Ramsay, Bertha Newton, Fred Rutherford and Bruce Ramsay.

Kathleen Bruin.—University of Alberta, Edmonton.

Doris Bingham—Brandon College, Brandon, Manitoba.

Dorothy Dudley Smith—Specializing in Music, Piano and Violin.

Johnny Payne—Working at Great West Life Insurance Co.

Harold Herron—Attending C.C.I.

Ralph Anderson—Mount Royal College

Bernard McCaffery—Working at Standard Bank.

Len McCallum—Taking up Physical Training Course, Chicago.

Ted Chiswell—Attending Technical School.

Arthur McLary—At home.

Al. Munroe—Working in Ashdowns.



THE CHRISTMAS EXAMINATIONS

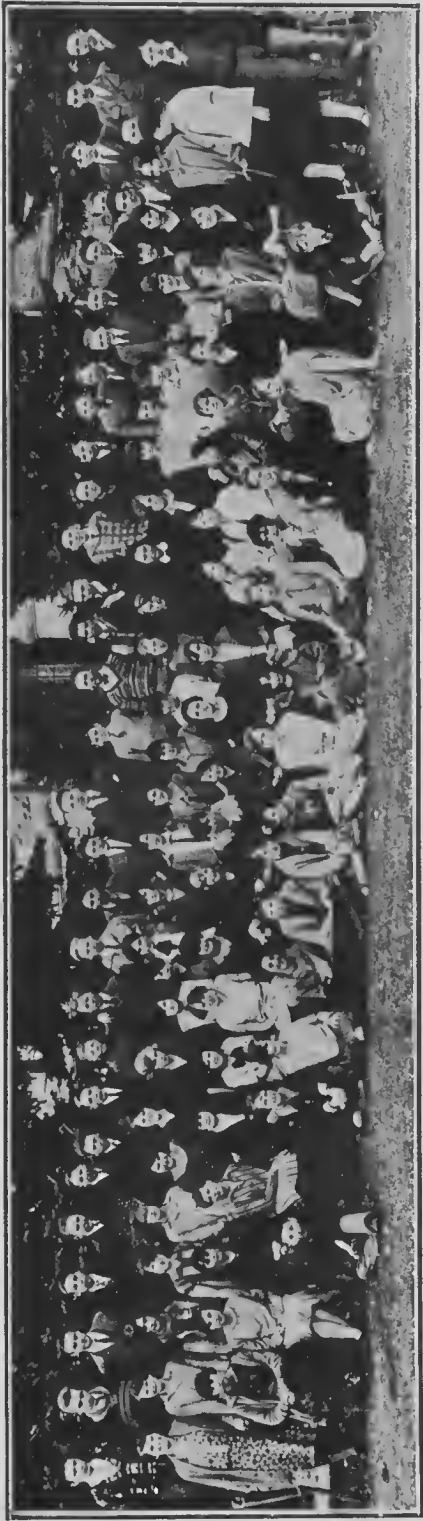
As Christmas with its holly and mistletoe and mysterious parcels, comes on, people grow, perhaps, happier and smile a little more.

But in C.C.I. no happy smiles are seen. A huge black cloud descends, crushing the poor students under its terrible weight. Reams of foolscap appear, new ink—bottles march out in shining order. The exams. have come!

Try though they may to get it, no cheer comes to the C.C.I.-ites. Their weary brains are in a confused muddle; even their sleep is disturbed. In the middle of the night up they start with the awful thought, "What is $Mg CO_3$?" Horrors, when did the formal executive begin? What, oh, what, is the volume of a sphere? And what in the world is the Perfect Subjunctive Passive of the verb "do?"



Upper—Grades XB, XD, XE. Lower—Grades XA and XC.



Then the awful days come! The prisoners of the pen drag themselves to school, to their desks, to the piles of paper. Ding-a-ling goes the bell. Feverishly they clutch the exam. paper.

"Show how to prepare Barium Hypointrite."

Horrors! Who ever heard of Barium?

Then, the Latin paper. Translate: "Gaudeamus igitur invenes dum sumus." A blank look—absolute unintelligence! And I ask you, why should we poor mortals bear this weight? Pens, paper, brains—all wasted. And for what? Absolutely nothing!

DOROTHY FQRD.

GRADE XA

S. Anderson, Y. Avison, R. Benbow, R. Berkoff, J. Bilton, E. Colley, H. Davidson, A. Duke-low, W. Epstein, H. Ferguson, M. Foster, J. Forster, A. Fraser, J. Hill, M. Joffe, G. Kellam, J. Kerr, H. Klunck, A. Lamont, M. Lea, G. Macallister, M. Macallister, L. Matthews, D. McDermid, S. McPhedran, T. McPherson, J. Merton, C. Neilson, C. Payne, C. Parker, K. Piper, T. Scrace, M. Shantz, E. Sheffield, I. Smith, J. Stevenson, D. Pearson, J. Robinson, W. Robinson, B. Templeton, J. Webb, G. Withel.

GRADE XB

S. Burton, T. Moore, W. MacDonald, *W. Herron, G. Watters, M. MacKay, G. Flumerfelt, L. Hannay, D. Jensen, M. Webb, *T. Newman, R. Resd, *M. Moore, M. Sykes, D. Cannon, M. Cragg, E. Lea, I. Luck, P. Holmes, I. Law, S. Bukke, P. Parry, K. Pescod, L. Parker, M. McAlpin, E. Ruttle, M. Myers, M. Burr, M. Law, P. Bower, *L. Morris.

GRADE XC

H. Mills, D. Bishop, W. Thorne, M. Kelly, D. Kemp, M. MacKay, B. Landels, C. McArthur, J. Aull, W. Neilson, D. Foulds, C. Corbet, D. Chyrie, R. McFaul, G. McLaren, A. Cowan, S. Tennant, L. Niven, V. Christie, B. Smith, B. Oulton, A. Hannay, F. Maxie, H. Kheong, D. MacKay, A. Reed, R. Anthony, W. Robertson, L. Topley, D. Eagleson, K. Barton, R. Gardner, D. Fisher, M. Turner, V. McDaniels, C. Menzies, S. Robertson, L. McBean, H. Thorn, J. Wonnacott, R. Heisler, P. Miller.

GRADE XD

A. Howson, M. Frew, M. Moore, E. Balfout, J. McEachetn, R. Poyntz, M. May, G. Carpenter, W. Pratt, C. Heisler, *J. MacKay, B. Daniels, M. Bruehlman, A. Price, H. Toombs, A. McAdams, *D. Ireton, R. Hart, M. Thomson, M. Hiscox, O. Howell, J. Patterson, S. James, L. Gill, R. Caesat, J. James, G. Dawson, W. Short, T. Lawrence, V. Bannerman, J. Belana, E. Brown, E. Jones, J. McKay, M. Lundy, M. Granlien, B. Moit, H. White, Q. Newman. *K. Wilson.

GRADE XE

E. Dunn, J. Clark, E. Riley, E. Taylor, D. Coggan, A. Shaver, G. Stinson, F. Birmingham, N. Wallace, F. Hendren, G. Courtice, W. George, J. Bulshin, A. Sim, J. Scott, J. Birks, L. St. Clair, J. Dixon, G. Glasford, K. Horn, M. McClung, R. Steeves, C. Kramer, G. Smith, V. Pierson, N. Bell, L. Hughes, A. Tilley, A. Boe, M. Vohey, Hi. Toote, R. Marshal, J. Davidson, E. Bull, E. Sim, E. Robinson, A. Brown, L. Coyle, A. Stinson, I. Polinkas, V. Allsen.

*—N.B.: These students were absent.

IN MEMORIAM

With deep regret we recall the death of—

Doris Anthony, Aug. 17, 1926, who attended C.C.I. for the school term '24-'25. Youth and strength and the bright promise of the future were all hers until the Angel of Death came to lead her to the Upper School. Promoted early, it is her happy fortune to live in our memories, unchanged by the years, the beauty of her youth eternal.

HIGH SPOTS IN LIFE OF C.C.I., TERM '26 AND FUTURE ONES FOR TERM '27, ENDING IN JUNE

Sept. 1.—We returned to the long grind.

Sept. 24.—Field Day. We came third a disgrace to an old school with C.C.I.'s reputation.

Oct. 8.—First Senior Rugby game of season, which we lost to South Calgary because—well, boys, why did you lose that game?

Oct. 22.—Defeated Commercial Seniors who had previously downed S.C.H.

Nov. 3.—Fate is blamed for dealing C.C.I. a wicked blow. We lost the Senior Rugby Championship to South Calgary, 7-5.

Nov. 4.—Stinging from defeat our Intermediate played South Calgary team and won 5-0, thus giving C.C.I. the Intermediate Championship and making us all happy once more.

Nov. 17.—Rugby Banquet. Everyone had a good time. A perfectly thrilling event in the lives of '26 class Grade XII girls has passed into history.

Dec. 1.—*Analecta* goes to press.

Dec. 3.—Literary Society starts. All ready, C.C.I.? All right, pull steadily together and let's make Lit for '27 a big success. But for pity's sake, don't neglect your studies or the teaching staff may never let you have another.

Dec. ?—*Analecta* comes out.

Dec. ?—Christmas exams. start.

Dec. 25—Christmas!

Jan. 3.—'27 term commences.

Jan. ?—And many other dates—all as yet unknown, which our basketball teams are going to make bright by their victories. Aren't you girls?

March ?—C.C.I. put on a play which met with great success, entitled, ?? What are you going to do about it, C.C.I.?

Easter Holidays.

June ?—Final exams. start.

Finis.

So a successful school year is completed and we bid farewell to the good old school, some of us for only two blissful months, and others for good.

L.M.R.



"Ye Gods! Must I endure all this! Yea and much more!" This is not the lament of a tormented soul, but the daily invocation of a hundred students. Against whom is this cry directed? Why, those terrible task-masters, the "Lords of Education." We ask the slaves, why do you come here? "For Education!" comes back the unanimous reply. Truly Education must be a valued thing.

Poet's Corner

Serious---First Prize

C.C.I.

When we leave behind our studies
 And through life we go our ways,
 We'll recall the old grey building
 Where we spent our High School days.
 We'll remember how we studied
 When exams: were drawing near;
 How we wished we'd studied harder
 When we had the time, all year.
 We'll remember all our teachers
 And we'll wonder, with a sigh,
 If they still are teaching students
 In the rooms of C.C.I.
 We'll remember all our text-books
 And we'll draw them out with care;
 We'll read long-forgotten pages
 And regret the signs of wear.
 We'll remember fellow students,
 We'll recall good times we've had,
 And the memories of our school-days
 Will at all times make us glad.
 We'll look back on all our doings
 While the short years swiftly fly.
 Yes! We will have happy memories
 Of our days at C.C.I.

PATRICIA PARKER, XIC

Humorous---First Prize

OUR TWELVE B

Half a page, half a page,
 Half a page onward,
 Into the valley of Doubt,
 The XII B's thunder'd.
 "All books aside be laid!
 Start your exam!" he said.
 Into the Valley of Doubt,
 All Records 'sundered.

Flash'd all their pen-nibs bare
 Flash'd as they turned in air,
 Dissevering the problems there,
 Charging the enemy while
 All teachers wonder'd.

Plung'd in the Lit.-smoke,
 Right thro' the mem'ry work,
 Chemistry and physics
 Reel'd from the pen-nib stroke,
 Shatter'd and sunder'd
 Many had passed, but alas,
 All the "Bees" blunder'd.

Latin to the right of them,
 French to the left of them,
 H. E. L. behind them.
 Wriggl'd and whirl'd.
 Storm'd at with ink and lead,
 While many a student fled.
 They that did write so well,
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell
 All that had passed of them,
 Honor empearl'd.

When can their glory fade?
 Honor their desperate raid,
 Honor the marks they made,
 Even tho' they blunder'd.

JOSEPHINE BERD

HOMEWORK

Homework's a bore.
 Why for?

Our brains makes sore!
 O'er books we pore
 Which we abhor,
 But ne'er adore.
 The men of yore
 On fields of gore
 Won glor-
 Y for
 Endurance or
 Skill. Encore!
 But we for lore
 At home we bore
 Hours of torture
 Doing homewor-
 K. While the professor,
 On the mor-
 Row swore
 Our lore
 Was wrong and tore
 His hair and roar-
 Ed, "Stay after four!"

Homework is a bore
 Do some today for
 Tomorrow you'll get **more**.

By

DOROTHE BENNETT.

SEVENTEEN ALL

To-night I plumb the depths of dark despair,
 Helen, fair as false, and false as fair,
 She led me on, then coldly turned me down,
 I curse my fate and madly tear my hair.

I went to ask her hand at half past three;
 She passed me by, and plainly let me see,
 She had no eyes for aught but Bazil Cole,
 She's evidently quite forgotten me.

'Twas just last night I held her in the dance;
 Trod on her toes, for I was in a trance;
 Gazed in her eyes, and scarce could draw a breath.
 I see, ah me. I never had a chance.

Perhaps some gem of purest ray serene,
 Is shining somewhere now for me unseen:
 Some pearly pebble on some shingly shore,
 But ah! I'll always think—it might have been.

APPLE SAUCE, XIA.

GRADE IXA

A. Dixon, C. Davidson, J. Curl, A. Crossby, D. Birme, H. Armstrong, I. Macaulay, L. McInnis, R. McRae, A. McLeod, F. Hunter, R. Holman, G. Henderson, D. Laing, A. Warren, H. Warren, F. Williams, S. Spencer, V. Bibby, J. McNeil, G. Wilson, A. Aldridge, M. Lawson, E. Ohlsen, C. Topley, M. Driver, R. Warren, M. Marshall, O. Menither, K. McLennan, E. Edwards, L. Jackson, I. MacKenzie, E. Mabee, L. Williams, J. Cameron, G. Hill, J. Harley, A. Danniels, E. Charman, M. Belton, H. Wilkison.

GRADE IXB

R. Duke, J. Burland, H. Campbell, G. Coulter, M. Davidson, J. Learmonth, L. Gardiner, A. Blair, D. Coutts, L. Lawrence, S. Harris, E. Jamieson, W. Millican, H. Aaron, G. Cooper, E. McKinnon, W. Morton, J. MacKay, J. Sutherland, M. McCall, K. McInnes, S. Bruce, A. Pescod, E. Wannop, B. Shaw, M. Oliver, E. Elton, V. Kepler, D. Biggs, L. Luther, H. Davis, M. Campbell, G. Ackland, J. Ackland, E. Bailly, M. Beggs, M. Aitchison, J. Anderson, E. Moore, C. Joanson, A. Jackson, H. Pierson,

GRADE IXE

Peggy Mackay, C. Wright, A. Ryan, N. McLean, G. McLean, C. Suffel, J. Weinfield, K. Payne, P. Frizzle, V. Gillespie, G. Whitehead, R. King, K. McIvor, S. Elliott, C. White, A. Millican, C. Blow, D. Stuart, E. Langston, A. Lightbody, K. Dunkley, R. Tulley, R. Williams, J. Lawrence, F. Muttart, R. Kay, G. Kennedy, I. Coates, E. Hanson, F. McCammon, J. Hill, M. Fowler, A. Matthews, H. Wilkin, E. Waters, M. McDonald, H. Hagle, D. Haffern, C. Parker, J. Pascoe, L. Colley, J. Dykes.

*—N.B.: These students were absent.



GRADES IXA, IXB and IXE.

Travelogue

THE MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

It was the dream of my life to see the Holy Land; to be privileged to look upon the same highlands and lowlands and waters as the Saviour gazed upon, and to see the ruins of ancient cities.

My dream has been realized, for on February 2nd, 1924, on the Baltic, we sailed from New York.

We left behind us winter with its icy blasts, snow and slush, and steamed direct across the south Atlantic to Madeira, the island of sunshine and flowers. The ship travelled for about thirty miles in sight of the mountain with its white houses, red tiled roofs, and green gardens with strips of red volcanic soil.

Funchal is the main city of Madeira. The streets, which are narrow, are pebbled, but green grass grows from among them. The chief attraction was the sleigh pulled by oxen over the stony street, without making a sound.

From Madeira the course of the steamer went over the well-known track of ancient navigators to Cadiz, Spain. Here the water was so rough we could not land and bidding farewell to Spain we went to Gibraltar. We landed in steam tenders and drove about the town. This British fortress is considered the strongest in the world. It has galleries from two to three miles in length tunneled through the solid rock.

The ship next entered the Mediterranean and turned her course eastward toward the shores of Africa. We landed at Algiers, the capital of Algeria, a favorite winter health resort, and inspected this quaint old Moorish city. From Algiers we motored forty miles to Shefa and back, passing (grape) vineyards, orange and olive orchards. Shefa was the first place where I ever saw monkeys running wild.

Then, steaming along the northern coast of Africa, the steamer continued its easterly course to Greece.

We landed at Phaleron Bay and travelled by motors three miles to Athens, the capital and largest city of Greece. Here we visited the prison of Socrates, Mars Hill, the Parthenon, Acropolis and other places and objects of historic interest. The Acropolis is on the highest of the three rocks; this rock was the site of the earliest city, and now stands in ruins. One thing which struck me very funny in Athens and in other oriental countries was the dairy man who drove a herd of goats from door to door, and the women who came out with their milk pitchers and milked what they wanted. Another thing which struck me peculiar was their way of changing money. If they hadn't enough change they would tear the bill in two and give you back half of it.

On leaving Athens, the steamer then directed her course for Constantinople. In the early morning the ship steamed through the Dardanelles. Here we strewed flowers on the watery graves of so many brave soldiers who lost their lives fighting for the cause of humanity. We passed the site of ancient Troy and across the Sea of Marmora to Constantinople. We then steamed up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea and back, before anchoring.

In Constantinople we visited the Palace of the Sultans, and mosques, and crossed the Golden Horn. Constantinople is noted for its great mosques and minarets which are towering into the heavens.

We next sailed from Constantinople to Haifa, taking much the same route as Paul the Apostle took when on his third missionary tour, and passing many historical islands.

As the ship neared Haifa, our eyes beheld the great spectacle sight of Mt. Carmel jutting out into the blue Mediterranean. From Haifa we took the train to Jerusalem. Here we visited the Mosque of Omar, the site of the temple of Solomon and Herod, the Mount of Olives, the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Jews' wailing place, which is a large wall where the Jews bewail the downfall of Jerusalem by kissing the stones and weeping, the tomb of David, the Garden of Gethsemane and its ancient olive trees.

One afternoon we visited Bethlehem, where the Church of Nativity is erected over the traditional birthplace of Christ, Rachel's tomb and also Bethany. We then travelled on the Jericho road, passing the old inn and visiting the Dead Sea. It bears the name Dead because it yields no life whatever. (The Jordan is a very beautiful, but muddy, river.) From Jerusalem we motored back to Haifa visiting on the way Jacob's well and Shechem. From Haifa we visited Nazareth, a gem set in the dull background of the hills. The people live and dress the same as in olden days, carry large water pitchers on their heads, and plough with ancient wooden ploughs. From Nazareth we went to Tiberias—Sea of Galilee, where its restless waters are still unchanged and storms arise on it very quickly. From Nazareth we went to Cana of Galilee and back to Haifa.

The ship then left Haifa for Alexandria, the chief seaport of Egypt. From Alexandria we took the train to Cairo. While there we visited the Pyramids, Sphinx, the old mosques of Sultans, and other points of interest. We spent one afternoon in the new museum of antiquities at Cairo. This museum has a magnificent collection and among the most remarkable objects are the mummies. Here we looked on the unveiled faces of the Pharaohs of the Exodus, and others whose names are familiar in ancient Egyptian history. Another day was spent at Memphis where we saw the statue of Rameses II, and the tombs of the Sacred Bulls.

From Alexandria we steamed through the narrow Straits which divide Sicily from Italy, and passed the volcano of Stromboli—which afterwards broke into an eruption.

We next anchored at Naples. From Naples we took the train to Rome where we visited St. Peter's church, the coliseum, and drove through the Appian Way to the Catacombs. This was the place of worship and burying grounds for the early Christians. Rome has one hundred and twenty fountains which are running night and day. From Rome we visited Pompeii, the city that was buried under the lava of a volcano for over two thousand years, and is now being excavated. Looking from the ruins, we saw Vesuvius.

The ship then left Naples for Villefrance. From Villefrance we had a lovely drive by motor to Nice, and then fifteen miles over the beautiful Upper Road to Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo is a beautiful city with flower beds and green grass with fountains flowing over them. After having dinner, at the hotel near the Casino, many people spent an hour or two in watching the gamblers at the famous Casino. On the way back to Villefrance we took the Lower Road, and as we neared the city it was a beautiful sight to see its lights shining on the water.

The steamer left Villefrance and that night we steamed past Gibraltar. We arrived at Liverpool, England, on March 29th, which completed our Mediterranean trip.

After spending three months in England, we sailed for Canada on the "Regina." Canada seemed good to us after all, but I hope sometime again to take another trip across the sea.

EVA WANNOP.

A TRIP TO SCOTLAND

It was arranged last spring that we would take a three months' trip to Scotland. So, according to plans, we left Calgary on Friday, July 3rd. Early Sunday morning we arrived in Winnipeg where we spent a most enjoyable day seeing the city. Then we spent the night on the train and the next day about noon we arrived in Port Arthur. Here we took a lake steamer and sailed through Lake Superior and Lake Huron. On Lake Superior the weather was very foggy and the fog-horn blew incessantly but that only added to the excitement. On Wednesday we got off the boat and took the train for the Niagara Falls.

Having arrived there in the late afternoon, we took the electric car to Queenston Heights. Here we saw the monument of Laura Secord and also that of Sir Isaac Brock. From the top of the latter monument we secured a wonderful panorama of the Niagara Falls and the blue waters of Lake Ontario. After staying in this beautiful park for some time we returned to the Niagara. By this time, it was dusk and we obtained a rather imperfect view of the falls. But on this night they were illuminated by a battery of searchlights and the falls were set forth in all their glory. The following morning we left for Toronto. After spending a pleasant day here we left the same night for Montreal.

The next morning, the tenth of July, at 10 a.m., we started on our trip down the beautiful St. Lawrence. We came in sight of Quebec just at dusk and the towering cliffs of Quebec City above us looked very majestic. Then we sailed on past Anticosti, through the straights of Belle Isle and into the open sea. This part of the trip exceeded all my expectations. It was most interesting.

Early on Saturday morning, a week later, we came in sight of Scotland and sailed up the Clyde River. We arrived in Glasgow about 1 p.m. On first sight Glasgow did not appeal to me at all. It seemed a dirty grimy place, just the opposite of our city.

Among the many pleasant days which we spent in Scotland there is one which stands out above the others. It was one of the days which we spent in Edinburgh. We decided that we would go and see Edinburgh Castle. Just a short walk from the station brought us to this mighty fortress. A large number of people were waiting at the entrance to be shown around the castle but a guide soon appeared and we set off.

When passing through the gateway the guide drew our attention to places in the wall where the six gates and the portcullis used to be. Then we were shown through the great banqueting hall, which now contains a great many pieces of armor, old fashioned fire-arms, etc. Then we were taken into another building and shown the Crown Jewels of Scotland.

Having seen all the various rooms in this castle we decided to walk the Royal Mile to Holyrood Palace. On the way we saw the house of John Knox. We also stopped at St. Giles Cathedral. The date of its foundation is uncertain but it is mentioned in a charter as far back as 1359. A short walk from here brought us to Holyrood.

The trip through this palace was most interesting. Part of it remains as it did in the time of Mary Queen of Scots. The other part is composed of modern apartments which are used by the King and Queen when they visit Edinburgh. However, I think that the apartments of Mary Queen of Scots are most interesting to travellers. Their contents, however, are slowly crumbling into dust, for the memorials of that unhappy queen have stood for over 300 years. The tapestry on the walls and the various pieces of furniture are very worn and faded. The room may be seen in which Mary's secretary, the Italian Rizzio, was murdered. On the left of the palace, there is old Holyrood Chapel which is now in ruins.

After going through the palace twice, we returned to Prince's Street where we got the train.

From the time I arrived in Scotland until the day I left, I was constantly seeing some new place of interest. I had many long motor trips and some that I enjoyed most were, a day's trip down the west coast, two down the east coast, several due north through the interior of Scotland, a trip to the Trossacks, a trip to the cottage of Burns and another to Wallace's monument in Sterling. As Scotland has excellent paved roads the travelling was made very enjoyable.

On September 25th, we started on our homeward journey. This passage was rather stormy and it was ten days before we arrived in Montreal.

We made only one stop coming home and that was at Winnipeg.

BETTY CLARK.

GRADE IXC

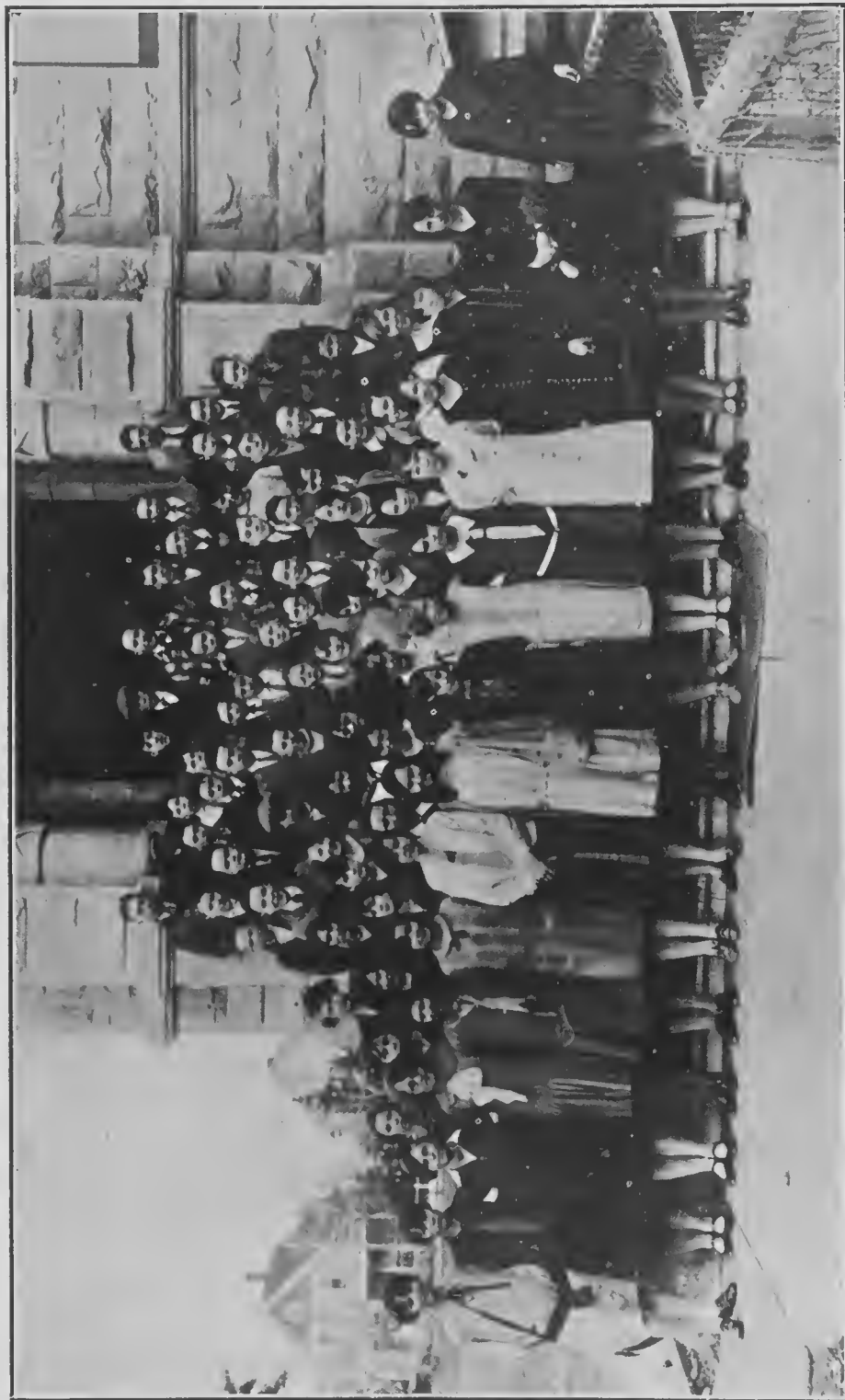
V. Roberts, E. Blow, H. Fletcher, E. Bartle, E. McInnes, U. Sly, E. Dunnet, L. Arbogast, B. Warren, A. Bowker, L. Davidson, L. Easson, E. Edwards, R. Earle, R. Kirby, B. Menzies, D. Larmour, E. Logan, M. Rowan, H. Rowan, G. Buchan, L. Peterson, H. Thorpe, E. Coffin, A. Cochran, B. Ross, *W. Sutherland, A. Thompson, P. Bennet, *F. Dowler, B. Russel, A. Baker, W. Mulholland, B. Powers, B. Stockand, M. McLean, Leo Neilson, J. Clamp, E. Haslam, C. Grainger.

GRADE IXD

K. Monroe, K. Finlayson, E. Stoddard, H. Young, M. Cape, F. McMulten, E. Gump, E. Stanley, M. Harvey, C. Hood, D. Eveasfield, M. Smith, L. Gregory, A. Falkins, M. Storey, P. Hook, W. Lawson, H. Whitaker, H. Liphardt, E. Melvor, R. Micheltree, G. Montgomery. *G. Mores, P. Morbon, H. Nelson, B. Pallister, J. Reid, D. Robinson, J. Ross, C. Selwood, A. Swick, A. Tatum, G. Tildersley, D. Jolin, D. Mitchel, B. Wilmott, *J. Wallace, B. Taylorson, R. Whitaker, W. Pattin, O. Dingman.

*—N.B.: These students were absent.





GRADES IXD and IXC,



RUGBY BANQUET

Ever since 1912, the desire of every Grade XII girl has been to do something for the rugby boys who almost give their lives (?) in the struggle to obtain fame for the school. They generally give way to their feelings in the form of the annual Rugby Banquet which, needless to say, this year was a "howling" success.

The stated hour of six having arrived, the boys trooped up the stairs to the charmingly-decorated assembly hall. The tables were laden, not only with the much-longed-for refreshments, but before each plate lay a dainty place card artistically designed by Mary Hughes and Muriel Graves. What proved most acceptable, to the boys especially, were the purple and gold pennants, rising proudly from a bun placed in front of each plate.

Members of the Senior, Intermediate and Junior Rugby of this school, representatives of the High School teams of the city, the staff of C.C.I. teachers, and a number of honorary guests were present.

A splendid orchestra entertained during the evening under the able leadership of Mr. Beresford. After the tables were cleared, Dr. Hutchison opened the program with an address suitable to the occasion. Captain Ferguson presented the Shield to the Intermediate Championship team. To Mr. Wark and Mr. Dunlop, the Senior and Intermediate Rugby teams presented small tokens of their very sincere appreciation for the invaluable assistance rendered by these two coaches.

Then there followed the most interesting part of the program, for the girls at least, when Harold Herron presented, on behalf of the boys, a handsome box of chocolates to our president, Ruth Bingham.

The remainder of the evening was occupied by musical selections, recitations, and a very clever and witty play, staged by the Grade XII girls.

We must extend our thanks to Miss Elliott who assisted us in making our banquet the great success it proved to be.

President—R. Bingham.

Secretary—M. McAsh.

Decoration—B. Anderson.

Refreshments—H. McKenzie.

Program—J. Wallinger.

Dishes—H. James.

H.M.

SCHOOL LITERARY SOCIETY

This year three Literary Societies have been established in the school. One for Grade IX, one for Grade X, and one for Grades XI and XII. So far, the activities carried on by these societies have been in preparation for debates.

On Wednesday, November 31st, a debate was held in the Assembly Hall between the Grades IXE and IXB. The subject under discussion was:

"Resolved that the inheritance of \$50,000 by a High School student would be detrimental to his or her welfare."

The affirmative was supported by Roth Tulley and Cecil White of IXE; the negatives by Marjorie Campbell and Melville Davidson of IXB.

The program was provided by Mr. Forsyth's room. The officers elected by this room were: President, Elizabeth Selwood; secretary, Elizabeth Dump; executive, Margaret Smith, Margaret Cope, Ralph Michethie.

Elimination debates only have been held in XB and XC. The subject debated upon in each room was:

"Resolved that details of crime should not be published in the newspapers."

In XB the affirmative was supported by Edith Ruttle, Gertrude Flumerfelt and Margaret Cragg. The negative by Margaret Sykes, S. Macdonald and Dorothy Cannon. After a closely contested discussion, the affirmative was awarded the victory.

In XC the affirmative was supported by J. Aull, Betty Sandels, D. Mackey. The negative by Jean Wonnacott, Vera Christie and A. Hannay. In this room the members of the affirmative were defeated, the upholders of the negative being proclaimed the victors. In Grades XI and XII a start has not been made as yet, but in the near future a debate is to be held in the Assembly Hall between Grades XII A and B. The topic to be discussed is: "Resolved that Chinese and Japanese immigrants should be excluded from Canada."

B. Ludlow and Jean Rutherford of XIIA are the supporters of the affirmative and Helen James and Violet Silverthorn those of the negative. The program and final arrangements are in the hands of XIA.

H.D.J.

WHY NOT FORM AN ALUMNI?

Scores of students pass out of C.C.I. every year and prepare to enter the business and professional world. Many of these graduates are well-known in Calgary. Perhaps the most outstanding is Joe Shaw, M.L.A., a member of an outstanding Calgary law firm. Then there is Cam Sinclair, the lawyer; Guy Armstrong, of Armstrong Brothers; George Noble, a lawyer; Norman Dingle, a lawyer; and Dr. Upton, a dentist and many many other prominent Calgary citizens.

No matter where you go in Alberta, or in fact in Canada, you will find people who have passed many a happy year in our good old school. What memories it brings back to them to meet former class-mates and talk over former days. Often they voice the query, "How is C.C.I. these days?" Why do they not form an alumni and so keep in touch with former comrades and with the school by receiving reports of its activities for, possibly, every term.

L.R.

"INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT INTERESTING PEOPLE"

Intensely interesting is the result of Mr. Forsyth's literary effort. The *Writer's Monthly* for June offered a prize in an open competition for the best story written by a teacher. As a result a large number of stories were submitted and among them, one by Mr. Forsyth entitled "Yellow Clay," which was awarded the prize.

Coming to school one sunny morning, the school was taken by surprise—Miss Moore had joined the "Bobbed Hair brigade"!

Miss Myrtle Myers, Grade X, captured the prize awarded by the Canadian Women's Club, for the best essay on "Canada's Part in the Great War."

The Silver Medal of the Royal Academy of Music in the Intermediate Grade was awarded to Miss Peggy Menzies, a talented student of Grade IX.

"Yea! Ian! Yea! Macaulay! Yea! Yea! Ian Macaulay!" That's who made the new record high jump. Frank Waines, an ex-C.C.I. student held the record of 4 ft. 10 in. for several years until Macaulay cleared the bar at 5 ft. 1½ in.

Walter Stilwell also distinguished himself when he made a new record in the "shot put" of 31 ft. 3 in.—the old one being 30 ft. 8 in.

Even if we haven't tennis courts now, we have a tennis champion, Miss Jean Wallinger won the Junior Ladies' Tennis Championship for Calgary.

Last, but certainly not least, is the C.C.I. Grad's Basketball Team, coached by Mr. Churchill. The lineup of the team is: Mary Cooper, '23; Elsie Newcombe, '24; Alice Allen, '26; Madeline Piette, '26; Helen Woodside, '26; Muriel Thorn, '26; and Ruth Bingham (who graces XIIA).

V.S.

It has been practically decided by Dr. Hutchinson and the teaching staff that the school will put on a play next term. It will probably run for several nights because of the limited accommodation of the auditorium. This play will utilize the talent displayed in the literary meetings which began a short time ago and is for the purpose of recuperating the financial condition of the school which is in a very depleted state at present. It has been suggested that the play be short and light, supplemented by a varied program. However, all details will be settled later.

M.C..L.

VALE

When I was young and had no sense,
And thought a lot of eighteenpence;
Of pretty girls I was very shy,
And hung my head as they passed by.

But when at length I older grew,
They taught me everything they knew.
'Till I at last as wise as they,
Could kiss and laugh and turn away.

For those days past, I long have sighed;
I had more on my head, but less inside;
And now when the girls, they look at me,
A crabby old man is all they see.

XIA.



In Musical Circles

C.C.I. ORCHESTRA

One of the first achievements of the school year 1926-27 in C.C.I., was the organization of a school orchestra under the very able leadership of Mr. Beresford. When the call for volunteers was sent forth the students responded gallantly in true Collegiate style. As a result we have an orchestra to be envied.

The orchestra is composed of a number of talented students of the school, numbering fourteen in all. They are: First violin, D. Kepler, M. Hardy, J. Wonnacot; second violin, G. Cooper, C. Payne, T. Newman; saxophone, B. Buckley, M. McClung; Banjo, W. Stilwell; horn, A. Buckley; clarinet, K. Mitchell 'cello, P. Morton; drums, F. Kendron; piano, M. Hughes; Conductor, Mr. Beresford.

The orchestra contributed a great deal to the entertainment provided for the boys at the Rugby Banquet, acquitting themselves like the true exponents of Orpheus.

J.B.



Exchanges

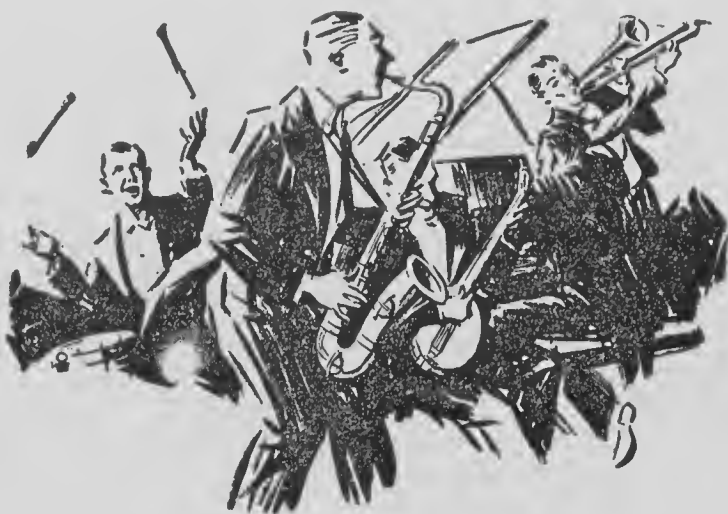
The Herme, Saskatoon Sask.—A good, all-round magazine, showing a splendid school spirit, yet the articles and the lighter contributions seem to be put in "any old place." Where have your cartoonists gone?

Crescent High Bugle, Calgary, Alta.—A great number of interesting picture and jokes, but it seems a shame to give the reader a bad impression by repeating the same jokes twice.

The Spotlight, Lethbridge, Alta.—Your article entitled, "Through France and Italy" is very entertaining, and how proud you must have felt at the visit of Sir John Martin-Harvey. Yet, why not add to the interest by having pictures of your Rugby, Hockey, Basketball Teams, etc.?

The Year Book, South Calgary, Alta.—Contains quite informative reports, articles and word pictures, but where are your stories, poems, jokes, and cartoons?

J.W.



"C.C.I. Orchestra In Action"

TAXI!

—CALL THE—
"99"

M9950—M9975

ALL LARGE CARS IN SERVICE

CALGARY 99c TAXI CO., LIMITED



FOREWORD

We, the Editors of Wit and Humor, have tried to portray the humorous side of school life in these pages. Not very many of these cracks are original but then, every few of us are original so we hope most of you have not seen these before, or if you have, that you have forgotten them by this time. If your name is mentioned in these lines, it is only in fun, and we hope you will read them in that light. To those who have handed in contributions for this department, we wish to express our appreciation and if your contribution is not printed, it is because we had too many jokes for the space allotted to us. Some of the ones that are printed have been remodelled by us. In some the names are changed, but all for a purpose. "But remember, "Don't take them too seriously."

"THE TEACHERS' CHRISTMAS STOCKING"

By SANTA CLAUS

Mr. Asselstine wants a pair of Oxford Bags.
 Mr. Beresford would like a monocle.
 What! Does Mr. Churchill want another flashy tie?
 Mr. Dunlop needs a car with greater seating accommodation.
 Miss Elliot wants a pair of fancy skates.
 Miss Field would like a pair of very heavy, horn rimmed specs.
 Mr. Forsyth wants one of these new red sweaters that are so much the rage.
 Dr. Hutchinson wants one of those snap brim, sheik hats.
 Mr. Jones thinks he would like a C.C.I. jazz cap.
 Miss Kaulbach wants a set of dumbbells, so that she can continue her daily dozen throughout the winter.
 Mr. McAdams would like to take a world tour,
 Mr. Menzies would look nice in some new kilts.
 Miss Moore wants attention, and gets it.
 Mr. Robertson would like a nice new sled.
 Mr. Scott needs a new butterfly net.
 Mr. Smith thinks that he would look nice in a really bright colored, lumber-jack Mackinaw.
 Mr. Woodman is patriotic, he wants a pair of glaring purple and gold golf socks.

THE SCHOOL CATECHISM

1. Every teacher shall be paid the amount of salary every week and twice weekly if so desired.
2. It shall be required of every teacher:
 - (a) To teach anything not in the course of study.
 - (b) To keep in a conspicuous place on the blackboard behind the calender a time table showing the periods of intermission, the noon hour and time of dismissal.
 - (c) To attend all festivities within the radius of 20 miles all nights during the week.
 - (d) To teach not more than 5 min. of every period.

A FEW NEEDED INVENTIONS

- A Trig book that will show you the right formula to use.
- A school floor that will open up and swallow you when in trouble.
- A book of excuses to escape detentions.
- A telephone ring that will tell us who is on the other end of the wire before we answer it.
- A Golf Ball with a gramophone attachment that will sing out, "Here I am!"
- An angler's scales to corroborate the fisherman's story.
- A piano that will sound the same to the one playing it as it does to the neighbors.
- A small invisible radio set which will give the correct answer to Miss Moore's questions.
- A reproducer to learn Mr. Dunlop's memory work.

CRAMPED QUARTERS

"Fire at Mount Pleasant Causes Small Damage. Starts in Waste Paper Basket Occupied by Two College Students."—Headlines in an Iowa paper.

Mr. Dunlop (in a thoughtful mood)—For the sake of convenience will those who are absent please stand up.

LOGIC

Rock-a-bye students, on the tree top,
As long as you study the cradle will rock,
But if you stop digging the cradle will fall.
And down will come student, diplomas and all.

* * *

Miss Elliot—"Who was the late ruler of Russia?"
Class—"The Czar."
Miss Elliot—"What was his wife called?"
Class—"The Czarina."
Miss Elliot—"What were his children called?"
Hayden—"The Czardines."

WELL

A traveller in Indiana noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start to go slowly for a short distance and then stop again. Thereupon the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally the traveller approached and asked: "Is your horse sick?"

"Not as I know of."

"Is he balky?"

"No. But he is so danged 'fraid I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."

* * *

An Irishman reading from a tomb-stone the inscription, "Here lies an honest man and a lawyer" at once exclaimed: "Two men in one grave, be jabers!"

* * *

"I say, y' know, all these bills are dated months before we were married."

"Yes, darling."

"Well, it is a bit thick to expect me to pay for the bait I was caught with."

FREE ADMISSION

Ruth came home from her first visit to Sunday School, carrying a small bag of chocolate.

"Why Ruth, where did you get the chocolate?" asked her mother.

Ruth looked up in surprise, "I bought it with the dime you gave me," she said. "The minister met me at the door and got me in for nothing."

PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION

"Goodness, Jane, what a kitchen!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table in a perfect litter, and—Why, it will take you all night to clear things up! What have you been doing?"

"Sure, mum," explained Jane, "the young ladies has just been showing me how they bile a pertater at their cookery school!"

A LESSON IN ZOOLOGY

The landlady was carving the skinny three-pound chicken while a dozen hungry boarders sat around the table eyeing it anxiously.

In quick succession she asked each boarder what part of the fowl he would prefer. Ten of them called for a leg.

Mrs. Skinem dropped her knife and asked indignantly:

"What do you think this is, a centipede?"

Only one boarder replied. He had been served, and said softly, "No madam, I thought it was a giraffe by the piece of neck I've got."

MISUNDERSTOOD

In a certain village on the sea coast there were two men, both having the surname Brown. One of these men lost his wife and the other his boat in the same week. The parson's wife went to see the Mr. Brown who had lost his boat, thinking that it was he who had lost his wife. "I'm sorry to hear of your great loss, Mr. Brown," she said.

"O, it doesn't matter much," was the startling rejoinder. "She was a rickety old thing anyway. I tried to give her away but no one would take her. I've had my eye on another one for some time." The woman fled, horrified.

SOLD AGAIN

He was a smart boy—the newspaper lad—one of those youngsters who will one day make his mark in the world. He was crying his wares in the main street of the town one evening, when he came up to one of the big shopkeepers standing in the door of his shop.

"Buy a paper, sir?" he asked; his voice hoarse from shouting.

"No!" replied the man abruptly, "Clear off!"

"Local footballer shot!" went on the boy.

In a moment the other was all excitement.

"Give me a paper quick!" he said, holding out a penny.

"Local footballer shot, did you say?"

"Yes," replied the boy, moving away. "But he never scored!"

HISTORY

Teacher (at end of lesson)—"Does any one in this class know anything about Henry VIII. Alright, Johnny, what do you know?"

Johnny—"Henry VIII ironed his clothes on Anne Boleyn."

Teacher—"Young man, are you trying to be funny?"

Johnny—"No sir." and he picked up his book and read in a loud voice—"Henry VIII pressed his suit on Anne Boleyn."

AN HISTORICAL TEAM

Goalkeeper—
Oliver Cromwell—A great protector.
Backs—
Julius Caesar—Right back in history.
Henry VIII—A stout defender.
Half-backs—
Hereward—Always awake.
Dick Turpin—Good at holding up.
Nelson—Eyes always on victory.
Forwards—
John Bunyan—For making progress.
Robin Hood—A good shot.
Christopher Columbus—Sailed straight for goal.
William Tell—Another crack shot.
George Stephenson—Goes like a rocket.

ADVICE TO TEACHERS

Intellectual food is like any other. It is pleasanter and more beneficial to take it with a spoon than with a shovel.

FREE AIR

The street was thronged with thousands of hurrying pedestrians. Suddenly a woman's cry rose above the noise of the passing throngs.

"Give me air" she shrieked. The crowd gasped and stood aside—and a woman triumphantly drove her car, with one flat tire, into the filling station.

OCCUPATIONAL READING

For Barbers: Hair-raising stories.
For Butchers: Red-blooded tales.
For Farmers: Harrowing tales.
For Condemned Murderers: Breathless stories with suspended action.
For School Teachers: Stories with big strapping heroes.
For Anti-Prohibitionists: Stories with lots of punch.
For Motorists: Smashing adventure stories.

HEARD IN XIIB

Sheik Neilson—"I'm no millionaire now, but just wait till my ship comes in!"

His Friend, Miss James—"Oh! How romantic! I didn't know you were one of those rum-runners."

* * *

Notice to Girls of C.C.I.—If any girl wishes to send in a dollar to this department we will gladly send her complete instructions regarding "How to keep her youth!"

N.B.—Just in case no one writes, we'll mention now that the answer is simply this, "Never introduce him to another girl!"

Mr. Scott—Neilson, if you had a little more spunk you'd stand better in chemistry. Do you know what "spunk" is?

Neilson—Yes sir. The past participle of spank.

Two boys were watching a horse snorting his disapproval of an auto. The younger said, "I wonder why he's scared of that car."

Said the older, "Horses are used to seeing other horses pull carriages and they don't know what to make of a carriage going by itself. I guess if you saw a pair of pants walking down the street without a man in 'em you'd be scared, too."

You can always tell a niner, by the way he swells his chest.

You can always tell a tener, for he's timid at the best.

You can always tell a 'levenner by his haughty looks and such.

You can always tell a twelver, but you cannot tell him much.

Her Mad Papa—"What was that noise just as you came in last night?"

Her—"Why, night falling."

H.M.P.—"Oh, I thought it was day breaking!"

Trigonometry must have been invented by a person in some way related to the crossword puzzle inventor (perhaps a brother?)

In this country its hard to tell whether it is a shot or just the back fire of an autorobile. Over in Italy they never know whether it is Mount Vesuvius or Mussolini.

"Hey!" yelled the chauffeur, "Don't you know anything about the rules of the road."

"Well," said the humble pedestrian, "I know that the golden rule doesn't seem to be one of them."

First Aviation Student—"Where is Smith?"

Second Flyer—"He isn't with us any more."

First Aviator—"How come?"

Second High Flyer—"He was dropped from the Class."

Miss Elliot remarked in XI A that the "Bourbons in France forgot nothing and learned nothing." We know a number of XI students who forgot everything and still learn nothing.

Mary had a little lamb,

Which was well-trained no doubt;

For every time a fellow called,

The little lamb went out.

A traffic cop noticed an old lady standing on the corner who looked as if she wished to speak to him. He stopped a couple of street cars, two or three autorobiles, a half a dozen trucks, and a large number of bicycles and beckoned the old lady to come to him. He leaned over to listen to her and she said, 'I just thought you would like to know that the number on your collar is the number of my favorite hymn.

"Money or your life" shouted the footpad.

"Take my life," responded the Scotchman, "I'm saving my money for my old age."

"What's up, Archibald?"

"I am going in for the twelve-pound shot-put. The trainer told me to start with a tennis-ball and work up."

Mother—"Did you post my letter, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Yes, mother."

Mother—"But why have you brought back the money I gave you for stamps?"

Tommy—"I didn't have to use it mother. I slipped them into the box when nobody was looking."

H.—"What's that on your neck?"

Y—"Nothin'. Why?"

H.—"I thought so."

Teacher—"Joan! Sixth question."

Joan—"Please, sir, I have only the first five."

Teacher—"Why?"

Joan—"I couldn't read Jack's writing."

Miss Boughton—"Do you live in an apartment?"

Furgeson—"Yes, suite one."

Miss Boughton—"Sir!"

Dentist—"I pulled a piece of your gum out."

Muriel—"Oh, that's all right. Stick it under the chair and I'll get it on my way out."

A lot of teachers in C.C.I. have the same saying that our boys overseas had at the Battle of Ypres: "Thou shalt not pass."

He—"How is it that half-back Neilson has his face scratched?"

She—"He went to see a girl friend of mine the other night and she penalized him for holding."

Mr. McAdams—Explaining the effect of climate on health: "Miss Campbell, where do we find the sick people?"

Miss Campbell—"In hospitals, sir."

He slipped his hand under hers—then shuffled the deck of cards.

Farmer (to chemist): "Now be sure and write plainly on them bottles, which is for my wife; I don't want nothing to happen to that Jersey cow."

She—"I'm a dairy maid in a candy kitchen."

He—"Dairy maid in a candy kitchen? What do you do?"

She (bashfully)—"Milk Chocolates."

Miss Moore—"We are told that Napoleon mustered the army. What did he do then?"

Sheik R.—He peppered the army and took the city by assault.

Miss Moore—Leave the room I want no more sauce from you.

GOATS

A school-boy's essay: "A goat is about as big as a sheep if the sheep is big enough. A female goat is called a buttress, a little goat is called a goatee. Goats are very useful for eating up things. A goat will eat up more things than any animal that ain't a goat. My father is an awful good man. Everything he says is so even if it ain't so. That is all I know about goats.

SINKING IN SLOWLY!

The mother had been giving severe lectures to a 5 year old boy who had been naughty. He appeared to be quite impressed all through it, but when it finally came to a close he asked, "Muvver what makes me be able to learn wiv me ears."

THE SNEEZE

(Apologies to Longfellow)

I sneezed a sneeze into the air;
It fell to earth—I know not where;
But hard and cold were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snoze.

THE COWBOY

He was only a Western Cowboy,
Who thought he was one of the best,
Because he could ride a broncho
And had hairs upon his chest.

He played with the wildest cattle,
He roped with the greatest heed,
Like a baby who playes with his rattle
Or plays with a bright-colored bead.

He could shoot like a Wild Texas Ranger
And ride with greatest ease,
He was one of those guys who could show off
In front of girls, if you please.

THE THREE WITCHES ENTERTAIN

Scene. *A blasted subway excavation. Thunder and lightning; in fact, the usual 1926 weather. Enter three Witches.*

First Witch. "When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

Second Witch. Next week-end, probably.

Third Witch: As well remain in town and throw a party.

Third Witch: What can we do best to annoy the guests?

First Witch: How about souring the cream?

Second Witch: Old stuff. Far better serve some good rich pumpkin pie.

Third Witch: Nay, Nay. A brew, a brew!

First Witch: In sooth. Some of the stuff we cooked up once for Mac?

Second Witch: "Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark."

Third Witch: And now how name it? All together, girls!

All Three Witches: SYNTHETIC GIN!

(*The three Witches make the brew and sample it. Exeunt.*)



THE EVOLUTION OF THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

I had a little note book, no larger than my head,
And in it I stored up knowledge with a little piece of lead,
But when the exams came down on my unlucky head,
The answers to the questions were in that book instead!

WHAT THEY SPELL TO US—

Hutchinson
ScOtt
Moore
Elliot
Woodman
JOnes
Robinson
Kalback

"You tell-ee me where railroad depot?" asked the Chinaman.
"What's the matter, Charlie, lost?" asked the other.
"No, me here aleright-ee, depot lost."

the RIM of the LIMELIGHT



The C.C.I.
Nursemaid



The Princess Gee ish good



The Long & Short
of C.C.I.



A real Editor
minus the cigar.



Some Sheik's Snaps



Two Up and
three to go.



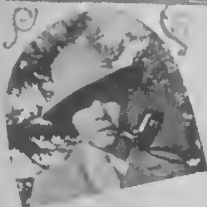
Friends of
the Orientals



Carving his
first tusks.



Milk-fed
Chickens



The Pipe
makes the Man.



No wonder he
likes school.

Wonder who got the most!

We don't know what the Charleston dance would have been if it had been named after some towns nearer the torrid zone.

Banqueter—"This must be a cosmopolitan dinner."

Banquetrress—"How come!"

Banqueter—"Why, there's Murphies and Swedes in the soup; Finns in the fish and the bread is full of little Chinks.

Mr. Scott in Botany class: "James, when do the leaves begin to turn?"

Absent-minded James: "The night before the exams, sir."

THE DEVIL IS DEAD

A small boy startled his Sunday school teacher by suddenly announcing, with great importance, what he considered a piece of news: "The Devil is dead!" he stated.

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed the pretty teacher. "Where did you hear that?"

"My father said so," declared the lad. "Yesterday we were on the street and a funeral went by, and my father said, 'Poor devil, he's dead at last'."

A small girl disliked having her hair cut, but consoled herself by saying: "Well, I shan't have so much to comb in the morning."

Her young brother replied: "No, but you will have more neck to wash."

Dear—————

With a glance she tried to cow him, but he only looked sheepish.

"Dog!" she exclaimed.

He choked, there was a frog in his throat. Then realizing he had made a monkey of himself by acting like a bear, he ducked.

NO MORE

"Is your new son-in-law a good provider?"

"He can just about keep my daughter in gloves. I pay for everything else."

"Then he deceived you as to his circumstances?"

"No, I remember he merely asked for her hand."

HE KNEW

Teacher—Robert, here is an example in subtraction—7 boys went down to the creek to swim but 2 of them had been told not to go in the water. Now, can you inform me how many went in?"

Robert—"Yes'm, seven."

Mitchell—"They call my girl 'Spear-mint'."

Moody—"Why, is she Wrigley?"

Keith—"No, but she's always after meals"—

He and She were waiting outside the Grand Theatre.

"Oh my" said she, "We'll miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, you should say," he replied tartly.

"Ours? Oh, Emerson! This is so sudden."

Mr. Wordman—"Name the electrical unit of power, John."

John—"The what?"

Mr. Woodman—"Correct."

Hillocks—"Dear! the engine seems to be missing."
 She—"Never mind, darling, it doesn't show."

He threatened to throw me over a cliff but it was only a bluff.

An Irishman was sitting in a depot smoking when a woman came in, and sitting down beside him remarked, "Sir, if you were a gentleman, you would not smoke here."

"Mum," he said, "if yewuz a lady, ye'd sit farther away."

Soon the woman burst out again, "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

"Well, mum," returned Pat, as he puffed away at his pipe, "if ye wuz me wife, I'd take it."

"Drive like the dickens," shouted Smith as he sprang into the cab.

With a lurch it started forward, and away they went like a streak of light. People shouted, police held up their hands and consternation reigned on every side as the cab dashed up one street and down another. After a half hour of furious racing, Smith poked his head out of the window and asked breathlessly "Are we nearly there?"

The driver turned in his seat and asked, "Where did you want to go, Sir?"

A boy was hoeing a cornfield one day when a pompous looking man came along the road and the following conversation ensued:

Man—"Pears to me your corn is rather small, boy."

Boy—"Certainly, sir, it's dwarf corn."

Man—"And it looks so yellow, too."

Boy—"Well, it ought to, it's yellow corn we planted."

Man—"Say, it doesn't seem to me that you can expect more than half a crop there, can you?"

Boy—"No sir, the landlord gets the other half."

Man—"Say, boy, there isn't much between you and a fool, is there?"

Boy—"Nothing but the fence."

Mrs. James was not noted for dealing out too large quantities of food to her boarders. At one dinner, wishing to be polite to a new boarder, she asked, "Mr. Finley, how did you find your steak this evening?"

"By turning my potato over," he replied.

Gibson—I will get married when I meet a woman who is exactly my opposite.

Dolena McIver—There are many wealthy, intellectual girls in this town.

An absent-minded college professor once addressed himself thus. "Well, I see I have my hat on; I wonder if I was going out, or coming in."

Jones—"May I take you apart for a few moments, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith—"Certainly, sir, if you will put me together again."

One day an Irishman was called into court. The judge asked him where he lived.

"In Nanton."

"Are you married," asked the judge.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply.

"Whom did you marry," asked the judge.

"A woman," Pat answered.

At this the Judge grew angry and said, "Did you ever hear of anyone that did not marry a woman?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Irishman, "My sister married a man."

Ted B.—“How do you like Pittsburg?”
Jean—“Oh, it soots me.”

She—“I see you're wearing golf socks.”
He—“How do you know?”
She—“I just counted 18 holes in them.”

Storekeeper—“Anything I can do for you sir?”
Stude—“Have you any nice new white shirts?”
Storekeeper—“Store full of them.”
Stude—“Well, go in and put one on.”

“You say Gardiner hasn't much of a line?”
“No, why he can't even string a banjo.”

It has been estimated that ninety per cent of the wealth in U.S.A. is controlled by fat people. Then what this world needs is a redistribution of fat.

Most people these days seem to be marrying for what and when they can get out of it.

The Boss said to his clerk, “My time means kale,
Keep filled my pens and ready ope my mail.
This is my time saved for important things—
Hello? Yes, golf? At two! and bring that ale.”



THAT PLAYFUL GAME - RUGBY

Ruth C.—What's the height of disappointment in life?

Cameron—I don't know.

Ruth C.—To go chasing after a fellow for a lifetime and then find out that he is bald.

Two young men went to a restaurant in Salonica and asked for Turkey in Greece. Said the waiter, "Sorry gentlemen, but I can't Servia."

Whereat the visitors cried. "Fetch the Bosphorus."

When the manager arrived he exclaimed. "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Roumania."

So they went Hungary.

Some facts gleaned from exam. papers.

(a) In 1492 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean known as the Pilgrim's Progress.

(b) Account of the feudal system. William the Conqueror was thrown from his horse and wounded in the feudal system.

(c) Pompeii was destroyed by an overflow of saliva from the Vatican.

Advise to C.C.I. students concerning homework.

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

—*Shakespeare.*

Steve—"Didya know you can't hang a man with a broken arm."

Bill—"Zat so? Why not?"

Steve—"Gotta use a rope."

"Ho him! Life ain't worth living any more. A fella told me this morn-ing I looked like you!"

"Like me? Son of a pig! I shall break his nose! Where is he?"

"I killed him."

"Dear Doctor. My billy goat is seriously ill from eating a set of Shakespeare"

Answer—"Am sending the *Literary Digest* by return mail."

A professor of biology at a certain high school was notorious far and wide for one failing, an absent mind. One day he entered his class room and after clearing his throat said—

"Now, gentlemen, pay particular attention to what I have to say. I have in this parcel a very fine specimen of a dissected frog—very interesting."

Slowly he opened the wrappers and disclosed to view a few sandwiches and some fruit.

The professor seemed transfixed; then he said—"But—good gracious—surely I ate my lunch."

WHAT'S GOING ON IN IXB

(Unsupposable)

Mildred McColl—Her lessons up.

Elena Elton—Never talking.

Herbert Aaron—Facing the front.

Jim Burland—Never cleaning out his desk.

Ena Bailly—Not laughing.

Jean Sutherland—Never reading books.

Llewellyn Gardiner—Not ducking.

Vivian Kepler—Never having to write out propositions.

Charmian Johnson—Tongue still.

Melville Davidson—Never debating.

Muriel Oliver—Doing homework during spares.

THE CAMEL

The camel is a curious beast;
He roams about all thru' the East;
He swiftly scours the desert plain
And then he scours it back again.

The camel's legs are very slim
And he lets people ride on him.
Across sandy waste he flies,
And kicks the waste in people's eyes.

He kneels for people to get on
Then pulls his legs up one by one.
But here's what troubles them the worst—
To know which leg he'll pull up first.

Sometimes when he is feeling gay
The camel likes to run away
And as he's just indulged that whim
I can't write any more of him.

J.A., IXB.

First Stude—"I owe a great deal to that woman on the corner."

Second Ditto—"Sort of a guiding spirit, eh?"

First—"No she's my landlady."

Dr. Hutchison (looking at report slip)—"Is that your father's signature?"

Ford—"As near as I could get it sir."

He—"Let's take a walk."

She—"This isn't Hallowe'en."

A cross-eyed girl may be virtuous but she doesn't look straight.

Boy—"Are you doing anything tonight?"

Girl (eagerly)—"No nothing at all."

Boy—"What a terrible waste of time."

Miss Kirby—"I'm afraid, Clifford, that I'll never see you in Heaven."

Cliff—"Great guns! What have you been doing now?"

He—"Why do blushes creep over girls' faces?"

She—"Because if they ran they would kick up too much dust!"

Teacher—"Take four out of five and what do you have, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Phyorrhea, ma'am."

NO PUNCTURES

"Do you know any way to prevent tire trouble?"

"You might buy a motor boat."

Art Teacher. "Sadie, How would you make a Maltese Cross?"

Sadie. "Pull it's tail."

Miss Field. "What is an oxide?"

Pupil. "An oxide is the same as a cow's hide only tougher."

THINGS TO MAKE

(The Amateur Radio)

It is not necessary to buy a radio. With a little patience, a little ingenuity and four or five hundred dollars one can make his own radio at almost no cost at all.

Get two small planks about fifteen ft. by one foot and about three inches thick. This does away with the static problem at once. Experts don't know why, but nothing so completely demoralizes static as a good wood plank. These planks should be bound fast with some strong material. Rubber bands will do very nicely, as this makes it possible for the planks to come about and spring together again at will. Now the next thing is to procure a cat. You will find that one may be purchased cheaply at almost any good cat store. A phlegmatic cat is preferable—one that does not mind staying in the same place for long periods of time—Build a nice feed trough the length of the cat, tail included, away from one end of the planks. Now it is time to order your mahogany. This will arrive in about two months. Make a nice mahogany covering about two feet high over the planks, not forgetting to include the cat. A ventilation hole or so should be made in the back side of your covering (for the cat). Now buy about 18 radio dials and put them at foot intervals along the front. This is bound to look very impressive. All that remains is to place the tail of the cat carefully between the planks and connect the dials with the rubber band.

Now invite your neighbors in. First of all say. "Now I will get England for you." Turn the dial marked England very lightly. (You have previously marked your various dials, New York, Miami, English, Scotch, Rye, etc.) The result will be perfect. Explain that the sound is necessarily very faint coming from such a distance. Now work for stations nearer home, tightening the various dials as you go along. You will be surprised at the intensity of the stations in your own city. I am sure you will be entirely satisfied with the results, the variety, tone, quality, and intensity will be found superior to the ordinary store radio.

Rapidly talking old lady to storekeeper. "How much are your lemons, what do you charge for oranges, how deep is the river, and when does the next train leave?"

Storekeeper—"Two for a nickel, three for a dime,
Up to your neck, and half past nine."

M.A. to B.A.—"Did you get your hair cut?"
B.A.—"No, I washed it and it shrank."

Clerk—"Yes, we have a Latin text. That will be \$1.50."
Student—"Any amusement tax?"

Old Lady (looking at a man in an asylum who is whistling vociferously)—
"Does he think he is a mocking bird?"
Warden—"No, ma'am, just a little cuckoo."

Teacher—"Why did you come back to school?"
Student—"To please my parents."
Teacher—"And are they well pleased."
Student—"Yes—they died yesterday."
Teacher—"How?"
Student—"Tickled to death."

Teacher (becoming disgusted with class)—"Why, I've taught you all I know, and now you can't answer the simplest questions."

Science Teacher—"What is a cell composed of?"
Pupil—"Iron bars and a cement floor."

Small Boy—"I * * I ? * *."

Teacher—"See here, young man, you mustn't use such language as that."

Small Boy—"Oh, it's all right, sir, I'm just pretending I'm a rugby coach."

Miss Moore—"Who were the Four Horsemen?"

Bright Student—"Paul Revere, Teddy Roosevelt, Tom Mix and Barney Google."

CONTRAST

(When question is not understood)

Grade IX—"Pardon, sir, but I did not understand you."

Grade X—"Will you please repeat that question?"

Grade XI—"What sir?"

Grade XII—"Huh?"

Mr. Dunlop—"Before I dismiss the class, let me repeat the words of Webster."

Gillies—"Holy Mackerel. I'm leavin,'he's starting on the dictionary."

Winters—"Do big fish eat sardines?"

Gilhooly—"Sure. Don't you know that?"

Winters—"But how do they get them out of their tins."



OUR DREAMS FOR YEARS TO COME

HISTORICAL FACTS

From Exam. Papers

- (a) Charlemagne's campaign was the greatest piece of millinery known.
 (b) About this time Columbus was cursing among the West Indies.

Most of the Grade XII students put off till tomorrow what they should do today, because they are busy doing what they should have done yesterday.

Hungary?
 Yes, Siam.
 I'll Fiji.

Traveller—"What kind of pie have you?"
 Waiter—"Lemonpeachappleraisinmincepumpkin."
 Traveller—"Give me a piece."

He—I could go on dancing like this forever.
 She—Oh no you couldn't, possibly. You're bound to improve.

Hostess at a party—Won't you have some more ice cream.
 Gibson—Only a mouthful please.
 Hostess—Fill Mr. Gibson's dish, Mary.

Ride and the girls ride with you. Walk and you walk alone.

Miss Graves—Oh Ted, won't you buy me that handkerchief. It only costs one dollar.

Neilson—"Nothing doing, that's too much money to blow in.

Waiter—Sir, when you eat here you need not dust off the plate.
 Customer—Beg pardon, force of habit. I'm an umpire.

I never mind carving when I'm asked out, but the gravy never seems to match the wall paper.

A sign at a railroad crossing reads. "Come ahead, you're not worth much anyway."

Miss Demeanot—"Goodness! That clock needs fixing, it just struck one four times."

The following instructions were given to the new servant, Mary.
 "Before removing the soup-plates, always ask each person if he or she would like some more."

Next day the following conversation took place.

"Would the gentleman like some more soup?"

"Yes, please."

"There ain't any left."

Chemistry Professor to Class: "What is zinc?"

Bright Student in XI: "Why that is the French for 'think'."

The deck steward approached the man in the steamer chair.

"Excuse me, sir, do you wish your dinner to come up now."

"Good heavens, no, man," said he. "My breakfast came up just a few minutes ago."

EDUCATION OF A BANKER—THEN AND NOW

Then—

Penmanship drill.
Mental Arithmetic.
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Double entry bookkeeping.
Advising depositors on Finance.

Now—

Forget practice.
Gas mask drill.
Detection of counterfeit currency.
First aid practice.
Camouflage in payroll delivery.
Armored car service.
What to do until policeman comes.
Identification of bandits.
How to detect forgeries.
Machine gun technique.
Burglar insurance.
Handling tear-gas bombs.



"How One Feels Coming In Late"

RUN TO EARTH

Magistrate (to prisoner)—“What is your name, your occupation and what are you charged with?”

Prisoner—“My name is ‘Sparks.’ I am an electrician by trade and I am charged with battery.”

Magistrate—“Constable, put this man in a dry cell.”

CUTTING IT SHORT

Johnny was leaving for his first term at school: Now write just when you like sonny,” said his father, “and don’t be afraid to cut it short.”

For a week there was silence. then on the eighth day came the following.
“Dear Dad, S.O.S. \$ \$; R.S.V.P.”

“I know why editors call themselves ‘we’.”

“Why.”

“So the man who doesn’t like the articles will think there are too many for him to lick.”

Some people must be afraid their books will be stolen, judging from the amount they take home at night.

TWENTIETH CENTURY SHAKESPEARE

Macbeth. Act—Scene—

Gentlewoman and Doctor. (Enter Lady Macbeth with candle.)

Note. They call this the sleepwalking scene, because at this point in the drama, all the audience that has not already left, rises with one accord and gropes its way to the nearest exit.

SONG—“DIRTY MITS BLUES”

I’ve got those bad, blue dirty mits blues;
They make me wish my hands wore shoes.
I’m just so green I can’t get ‘em clean,
Even tho’ I’ve used a lot of gasoline.
Oh, how I’ve toiled to keep from getting soiled;
But now I simply can’t refuse
To lose those dirty mits bloo-o-o-z

Doctor.—Say does she get this way often?

Gentlewoman—Oh, off’n on.

(Note. As this line will be delivered as a pun the audience will be expected to laugh uproariously. Kindly do so.)

Lady MacBeth. “To bed, too bed, too bed.”

Song—(By Everybody.)

“Go to bed, go to bed,
Poor little sleepy head——”

And so on, for a long time; that is if you can stand that much of it.

(Note. The song above was what is technically known as the “Finale” meaning, the end of the act. Ask no questions, but be thankful that you have been able to stay awake this long—provided, of course, that you have been able to do so.)

(Exit Lady Mac, Doc, and Gentlewoman.)

(Note. I forgot to mention that Lady Macbeth was dressed in pink silk pajamas. Make the most of that.)

(The End)

A man had a sick mule and being unable to find a veterinary he went to the family doctor and stated his case to him. After considerable persuasion the M.D. consented to mix up some powders which he believed would be an effectual cure for the mule. His instructions were, 'Put one of these powders in this tube and blow it down the mule's throat.'

An hour later the man returned doubled up with a pain in his stomach. The doctor asked, "What's the matter didn't I tell you to blow one of those powders down your mule's throat?"

"Yes, sir, but the donkey, he blew first."

Extravagance—Offering a Freshie a penny for his thoughts.

Helen J.—"How lovely these roses are. There is still some dew on them.'
Herron—"I know it, but how the deuce did you."

"I must be off," said the man as he started for the asylum.

Drunk: "Is^h thish the bank?"

Bank—"Yes."

Drunk—"Howish the water today?"

Boarder (to landlady)—"Look here, I've been here two weeks and haven't seen a towel about the place."

Landlady—"Well, you've got a tongue haven't you."

Boarder—"Do you think I'm a darned cat?"

"What's the matter with your patent-leathers?"

"The patent expired."

In a small town there lived two Mr. Browns. One died, the other went to Florida on a vacation. He sent a telegram to his wife but it was delivered to the widow. The message read: "Arrived safely. Heat terrific."

If the one-piece bathing suit gets much scantier, it's going to be hard to locate the one piece.

Although she has an assortment of hats she wants a new one.

(That's the woman of it.)

He says he thinks she can get along without it.

(That's the man of it.)

She insists that she can't and she's going to get it.

(That's the woman of it.)

He says not if he knows it.

(That's the man of it.)

She breaks down and weeps.

(That's the woman of it.)

And he gives in—

That's the end of it.

Customer—How's the chicken today.

Waitress—Fine, how's yourself?

Professor—"Name a great universal time saver."

Love-sick Pupil—"Love at first sight."

FLAPPER FLIPPANCY

One half of me would be a saint;
 The other half a sinner
 And I will utter no complaint
 Whichever part's the winner.

HIS TENDER HEART

The bus was crowded and as the conductor pushed his way through the gangway he noticed a man with his eyes closed. The conductor touched him on the shoulder, demanded, "Wake up! Fare please!"

"I wasn't asleep" answered the man indignantly.

"Then why did you shut your eyes?"

"Because the bus is crowded and I can't bear to see the women standing."



Since you have read this far in the *Analecta*, do not fail to read the advertisements which follow. These were inserted by the business men of our city. They made it possible, financially, to give you the paper. Remember, they helped us,—do your part and help them with your patronage.

We wish to sincerely thank those members of the staff of the *Calgary Herald* for their kind assistance and help in getting out this issue.

—G.J.W., *Bus. Mgr.*

Finis


My pen is at the bottom of a page
 Which being finished, here this story ends.
 'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,
 But stories somewhat lengthen when begun.

—Byron.



Scythia Blow
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H. G. Davis.

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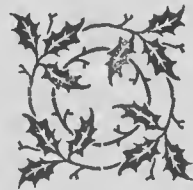
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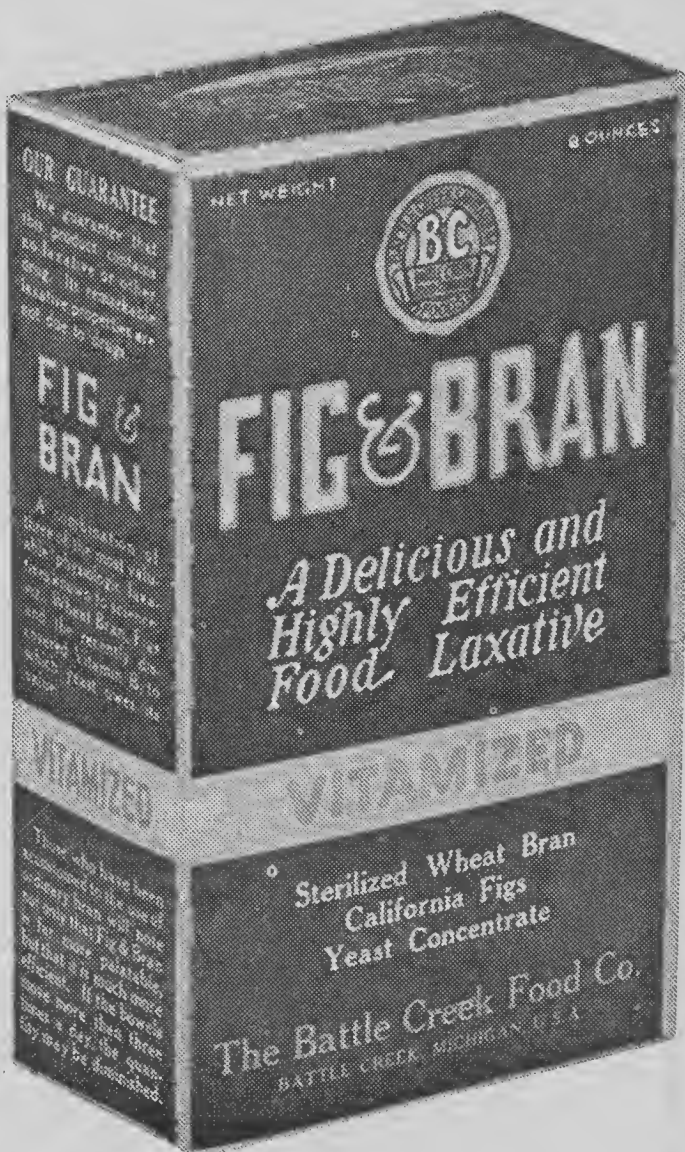


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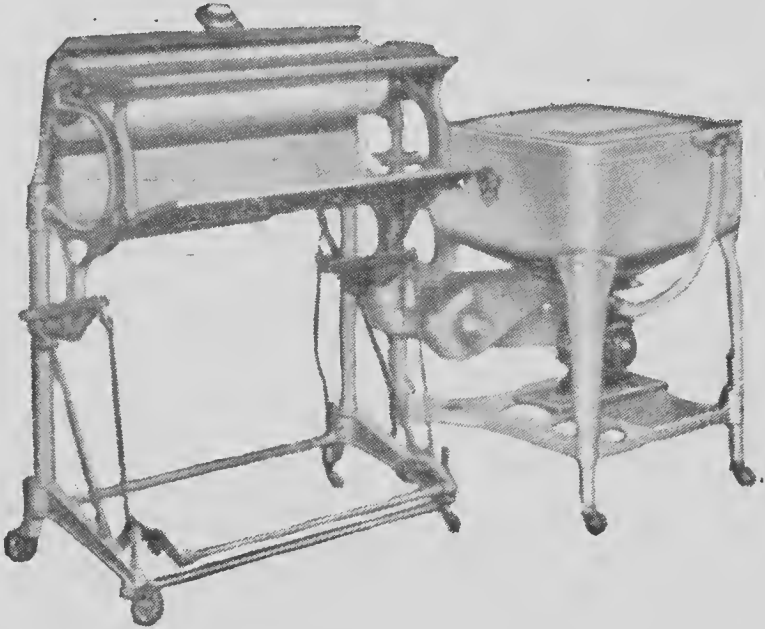
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